F 2081
.M38
FT MEADE
GenColl

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0000315984A

MARTINIQUE

The Second Pompeii

By PEN AND PICTURE

A TWICE-TOLD STORY *of the* MOST DESTRUCTIVE VOLCANIC ERUPTION KNOWN *to the* ANNALS *of* HISTORY

A REMARKABLE SERIES *of* PHOTOGRAPHS ACCURATELY PORTRAYING SCENES *in the* ISLAND *of* MARTINIQUE *both* BEFORE *and* AFTER *the* FATAL DISASTER : : : : : : :

With DESCRIPTIVE FOOT NOTES

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

AKRON, OHIO

The SAALFIELD PUBLISHING COMPANY

New York 1902 Chicago

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS.
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
JUL. 9 1902
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
July 9-1902
CLASS a XXc. NO.
37137
COPY B.

COPYRIGHT, 1902,

BY

THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1898,

BY

J. MURRAY JORDAN

Photographs taken previous to Eruption

COPYRIGHT, 1902,

BY

THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO.

(*New York World*)

Photographs of the Disaster found in this book

MADE BY
THE WERNER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

Contents

	Page
The Rainbow City of St. Pierre	7
The Death Blast from Mt. Pelee	8 and 9
The Heart of the Rainbow City	10
The City Ruined in Four Days	11
Cataclysm as the Survivors Saw It	12
The Causes of the Eruption	13
Where Homes Lay in Ruins	14
A Street Corner	15
Found in the Middle of the Rue Victor Hugo	16
The Rue Victor Hugo Full of Life	17
The "Solent's" Relief Party Was the First Ashore	18
A Victim Found by the "Solent's" Party	19
A Picturesque Street in Old St. Pierre	20
Where Sixteen Dead Lay in a Heap	21
A Calcined Skeleton That Crumbled to Ashes	22
Wreck of Telephone and Cable Offices	23
U. S. Consul Thos. T. Prentis and Family	24
The Ruins of the United States Consulate	25
Deputy Mayor Lost Sixty-Five Relatives	26
Mother and Child Had Perished Together	27
Where the Tidal Wave Swept the Shore	28
The Roadstead Was Full of Sharks and Whales	29
Ruins of the Colonial Bank	30
Forty Millions of Dollars the Loss	31
"Petite Mignon's" Street Car	32
In the Rue Mont Parnaisse 100 Bodies Were Found	33
Where the Dead Lay Thickly	34
Looking Up the Rue De l'Hôpital	35
The Place Bertin, Cathedral and Signal Tower from the Sea	36
The Prado and the Wreck of the Signal Tower	37
On the Rue St. Louis	38
Trees Uprooted by a Mighty Whirlwind	39
Street Leading to the College of St. Louis de Gonzaga	40
Where the Thick Walls Crumbled	41
Refugees by the Signal Tower	42
The Guerin Sugar Factory	43
Flotsam and Jetsam on the Shores of St. Pierre	44
Roadstead of St. Pierre after the Catastrophe	45
The Wrecked Interior of the Cathedral	46
The Cathedral Du Mouillage	47
Corner by Club where Fifty-Four Were Found Dead	48
The Courts of Justice	49
A Typical Street Leading to the Hillside	50
Six Children Dead in a Ruined School Room	51
The Wrecked Steamer "Roraima" and the Late Captain Muggah	52
The Steamer "Roddam"	53
Rivierre Roxelane and the Hotel des Bains	54
Negro Washer-Women of Martinique	55
Governor Louis Mouttet of Martinique	56
Raoul Sartout, the Only Survivor of the Disaster	57
Interior of the Hospital	58
The Signal Tower or Lighthouse	59
All That Is Left of a Fashionable Restaurant	60
Refugees in the Place Bertin	61
The Colonial Bank Vaults where a Million Dollars Was Destroyed	62
The Barracks, St. Pierre	63
Heap of Dead Under the Convent Walls	64
The Convent Gates and the Hospital Clock	65

PAGE

Americans from the U. S. S. "Potomac" Searching for the Dead 66
Correspondents in the Ruins 67
U. S. Consul Louis H. Ayme 68
Police Station where the Sentry with a Rifle Was Found. 69
St. Pierre from the Sea 70
The French Cruiser "Suchet" 71
The U. S. Cruiser "Dixie" Loading Relief Stores 72
Search Party Organized in Place Bertin 73
Mt. Pelee from a Photograph Taken May 12th 74
The Blazing Wreck of the "Roraima" 75
Ruins of an Oven of a Bake Shop on Rue Bouille 76
Ruins of the Hotel De Ville 77
Mt. Pelee at Peace 78
Mt. Pelee Again in Eruption 79
A Villa at Morne Rouge 80
Richmond House in Ruins 81
Morne Rouge Street Scene 82
Relief Sought from the "Longfellow" 83
Looters 84
The Side Wall of the Cathedral 85
The Front of the Wrecked Cathedral 86
The Theatre Ruins Sheltered the Dead 87
A Le Prescheur House and Family 88
Le Prescheur Refugees on the Place Bertin 89
Types of Servants 90
Wayside Shrine and the Lower Marketplace, St. Pierre ... 91
The East Town, St. Pierre, from the Terrace 92
Morne Rouge and Its Church 93
The Rue Bouille, St. Pierre 94
St. Pierre Will Never Be Rebuilt 95
American Geologists Studying the Volcanic Phenomena .. 96
Wallabou River Bed Full of Boiling Mud 97
Fort de France from the Harbor 98
Cathedral Square, Fort de France 99
Learning the Fate of Relatives 100
Negro Refugees Saved by the "Valkyrien" 101

PAGE

The Royal Palms Surrounding the Statue of the Empress 102
The Statue of the Empress Josephine 103
Flocking to Fort de France 104
Leaving the Accursed Island 105
The Café of the Grand Hotel, Fort de France 106
The Cathedral at Fort de France 107
Relief Supplies Landed from the "Dixie" 108
Refugees at the School Building, Fort de France 109
Along the Shore, Fort de France 110
La Rue De Bord Du Mer and La Savane, Fort de France 111
Refugees at the Entrance of the Cathedral During the Memorial Services 112
Refugees at the School House, Fort de France 113
Refugees Sleeping in the Open Air 114
Refugees after Rations at the Market, Fort de France ... 115
Refugees at the Hotel De Ville, Fort de France 116
Hospital at Fort de France 117
The Old Commissariat House at New Edinboro, St. Vincent 118
French Colonial Soldiers and Refugees 119
Leader of the Le Prescheur Refugees 120
Flowing Lava 121
Kingstown, St. Vincent 122
Picturesque Kingstown 123
Kingstown, St. Vincent, and Its Harbor 124
Middle Street, Kingstown 125
Georgetown, St. Vincent, after Volcanic Bombardment 126
Making Coffins beneath the Hospital, Georgetown, St. Vincent 127
The Water's Edge, Kingstown, St. Vincent 128
Coaling the U. S. S. "Dixie" at St. Lucia 129
Millions of Tons of Gray Ashes 130
Richmond Village Smothered in Thirty Feet of Boiling Mud 131
Ruined Farm House Seven Miles from La Souffriere 132
Rosseau and the Island of Dominica from the Sea 133
Lake Quiescent and St. Pierre from the Sea 134
Map of Martinique 135

Introduction

The Most Appalling Disaster of Modern Times

ST. PIERRE on May day, 1902, was the liveliest, gayest, brightest city in those wonderful tropical isles, the Windward Islands of the West Indies. The lazy, fun-loving, French Creoles called the chief city of bright Martinique "Little Paris." City and island had charmed every traveler who had feasted their eyes on its beautiful tropical scenery, who had trod its picturesque streets, who had inhaled the heavy scent from the luxuriant verdure, and whose ears had eagerly caught every laugh of the light-hearted natives, and every soft inflection of the liquid Creole French. Letters, books, pictures and photographs are filled with the beauties of France's chief island possession in the New World. And no one thought about grim Mount Pelee, or feared. What if it did rumble? Pelee had "barked" before, and barking dogs —. Certain it was Pelee had been quiet for half a century, a mere curiosity.

Then the volcano awoke. It growled its warnings. Smoke rolled up from the old crater. Flashes of light were seen. Rumbling noises were heard. But there was no alarm. The people grew uneasy, it is true, but Governor Mouttet sent his commission of "savants," the local "wise men" let us call them, to see what Pelee was up to. They in their wisdom told the people there was no cause for alarm and the foolish people believed and were comforted. There was panic when a small tidal wave followed the eruption of boiling mud on Monday, May 5th, but that was quickly allayed.

Again the volcano roared its warning. It was on Wednesday night. The electric display over the volcano was terrible; the thunderstorm was the most appalling ever experienced in Martinique.

Wednesday, May 8th, had broken fine but the tell-tale of science, the barometer, danced strangely as never before. One man, one only in the whole city, even as Lot of old, heeded the silent warning. Pelee "barked" again and Ferdinand Clere gathered his family, abandoned all else, and hurriedly drove from the city. He called out warnings as he went, but to deaf ears. So he and his family only escaped from the doomed city.

It was the feast of the Ascension, a festival of obliga-

tion, and 34,000 people were keeping it like a Sunday. Business was suspended; stores were closed. The churches were thronged; the Cathedral was crowded. It was nearly eight o'clock.

Suddenly, without warning, the mighty forces deep in the bowels of the volcano burst through and from a new crater, as from a titanic furnace, a blast of sulphurous gas oxydizing into flame as it swept on like a tornado fell, straight and true, on the doomed city four miles below. It was a vast ball of fire, foul with gas, and its touch was death. The weak died where they stood, the strong ran a few steps and fell. The Cathedral must have crashed down on its thousand worshipers as the roof trees did on the home-stayers. And then fire completed the total destruction of the fated city. But five minutes, perhaps but sixty seconds, had been needed to summon the city full of 34,000 souls before their Maker.

Yet there was one not called, one man who lived through it all and lives to-day. He was Raoul Sartout a wretched, ignorant negro, a prisoner charged with murder who for a surly attack on his guards had been locked in the lowest dungeon of the jail. Four days without food, breathing the foul ash and vapor-filled air, wondering, beating his barred door, he lived there. Then his faint cries were heard by a search party and he was taken out and tenderly cared for. In jail was safety, in the Cathedral death.

Those on the ships in roadstead suffered torments and a heroic few, after a superhuman struggle, were brought away by the steamer "Roddam" and lived to tell the story of the most appalling catastrophe the world has ever known. To find a parallel one must go back eighteen centuries to the days when Vesuvius wrecked and smothered the wealthy, teeming cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. But thousands in those cities took warning and escaped, though four thousand perished.

At St. Pierre the cataclysm was instantaneous, as swift as when Lisbon's earthquake, 150 years ago, claimed its 30,000 dead; swifter than the Conemaugh flood that struck down 6,000 in Johnstown, Penn., thirteen years ago.

Relief was speedy. The United States acted promptly, but those in need were the terror-stricken refugees of the country side only. St. Pierre was in absolute fact "The City of the Dead."

JUNE, 1902.

THE RAINBOW CITY OF ST. PIERRE — So they called this gem of the Antilles. But yesterday it was a wonder city. Look down upon it from the hills. Glistening white walls and red tiled roofs rose above palm dotted terraces; and the back-ground was the bright, many hued green of the tropics. The twin towers of the Cathedral du Mouillage — the Cathedral of the Anchorage,— rose, whitely gleaming. Below the city lay the sea, blue with the blue of the tropics, fading to turquoise, tumbling in white foam on the crescent edge of the shore. The ships of three nations rode lazily at the buoys in the harbor with a fleet of gaily painted small craft and a covey of little boats gliding about them.

THE DEATH BLAST

Drawn by Louis Bierderman from photographs taken by Mrs. H. Merrill from the deck of the steamer

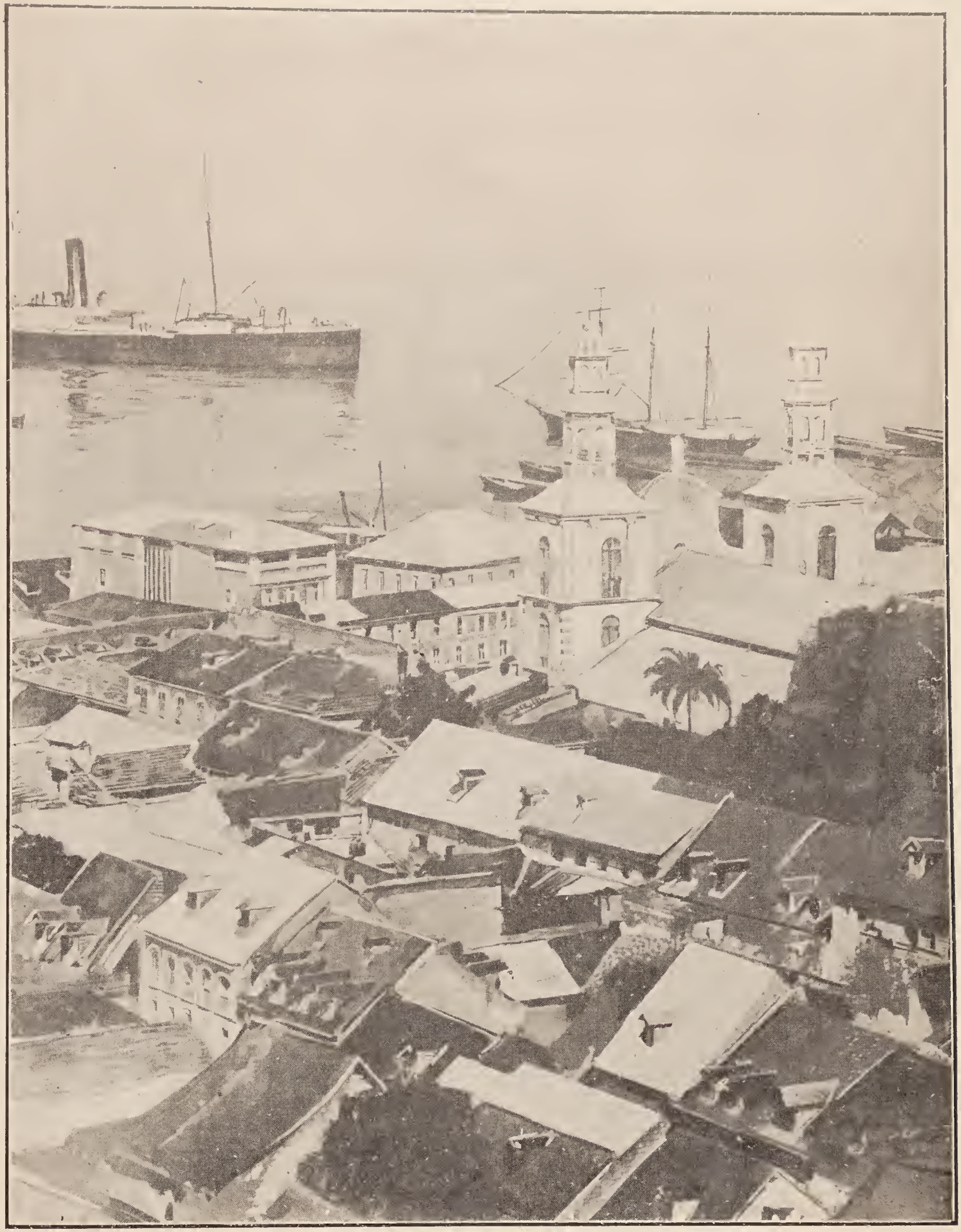
On Wednesday evening, May 7th, there was the most appalling thunderstorm ever experienced in Martinique, but the morning of Thursday the 8th, the Day of Doom, had broken fine. It was Ascension Day, a festival of obligation. All business was suspended; the stores were closed and the Cathedral and churches were crowded. The Captain of the "Roddam," anchored in the roadstead, was talking to his agent alongside at 7:50 o'clock. Suddenly he saw a tremendous cloud of smoke glowing with fire rushing down from the mountain upon the city and the roadstead. He had time only to shout a warning to the agent when the cloud was upon them and fire was raining with cyclonic force on the steamer. In three minutes the deadly blast had destroyed the town and its 34,000 inhabitants, and in the smoke of its burning the sailors in the ships began their heroic struggle for life.

FROM MT. PELEE

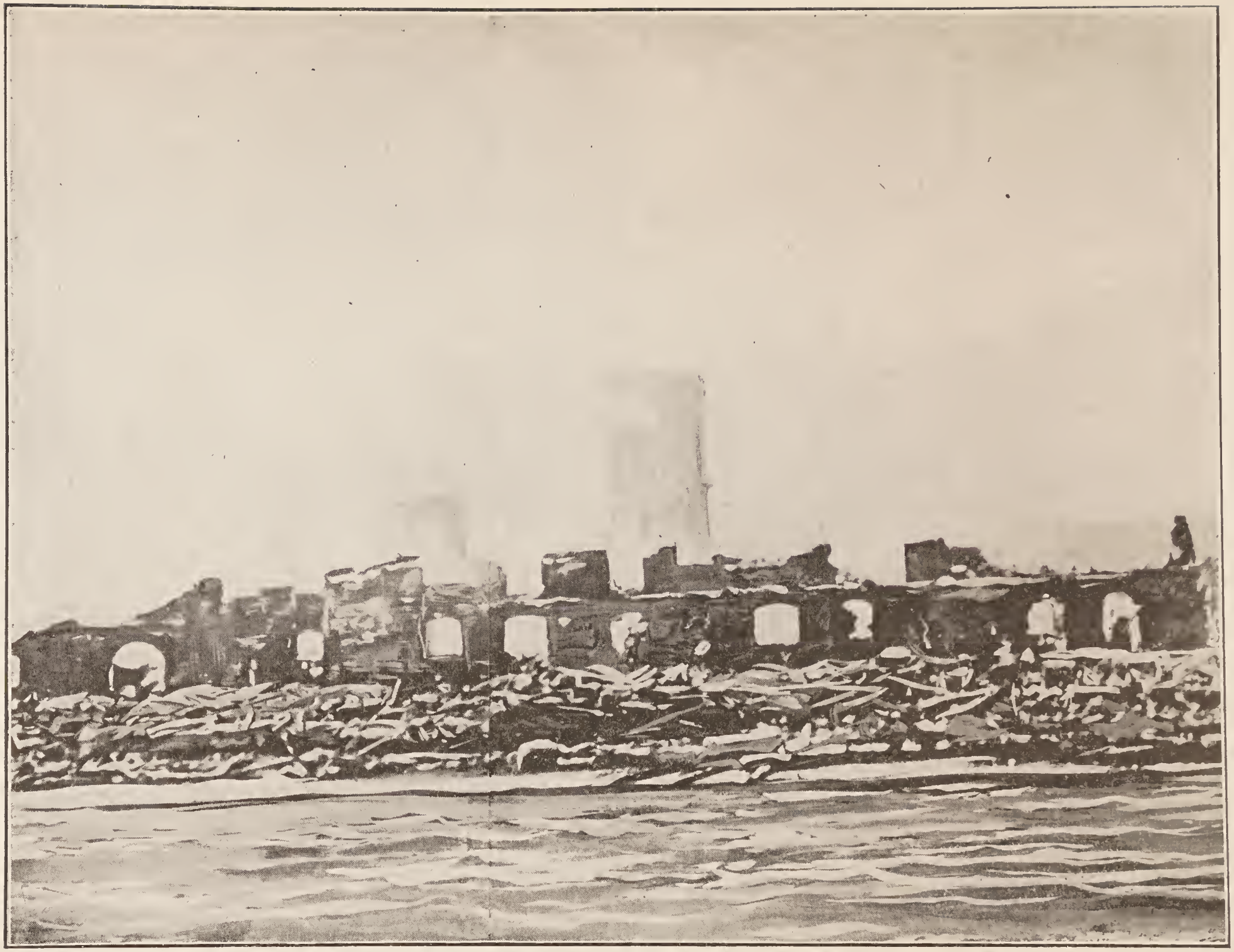
"Korona" the morning after the catastrophe, aided by descriptions from the "Roraima" survivors

Captain Freeman of the "Roddam," burned, bruised, half-blinded, with amazing pluck and strength stuck to his wheel and with a crew of badly burned half-dying sailors worked his vessel slowly out of the roadstead and into Fort de France harbor twelve miles below. She entered like a gray sheeted corpse of a ship, her deck inches deep in ashes, dead sailors lying about, badly injured ones moaning for water or shrieking with pain, but safe.

The steamer "Korona" in the harbor went up to St. Pierre the next morning and rescued the survivors of the wrecked "Roraima," bringing those who could travel to New York and leaving the others in hospitals. Mrs. H. Merrill, a passenger on board, took photographs of the still burning, smoke-palled city and from this, and descriptions by the "Roraima's" officers who lived through the disaster, Louis Bierderman drew this picture of the catastrophe.



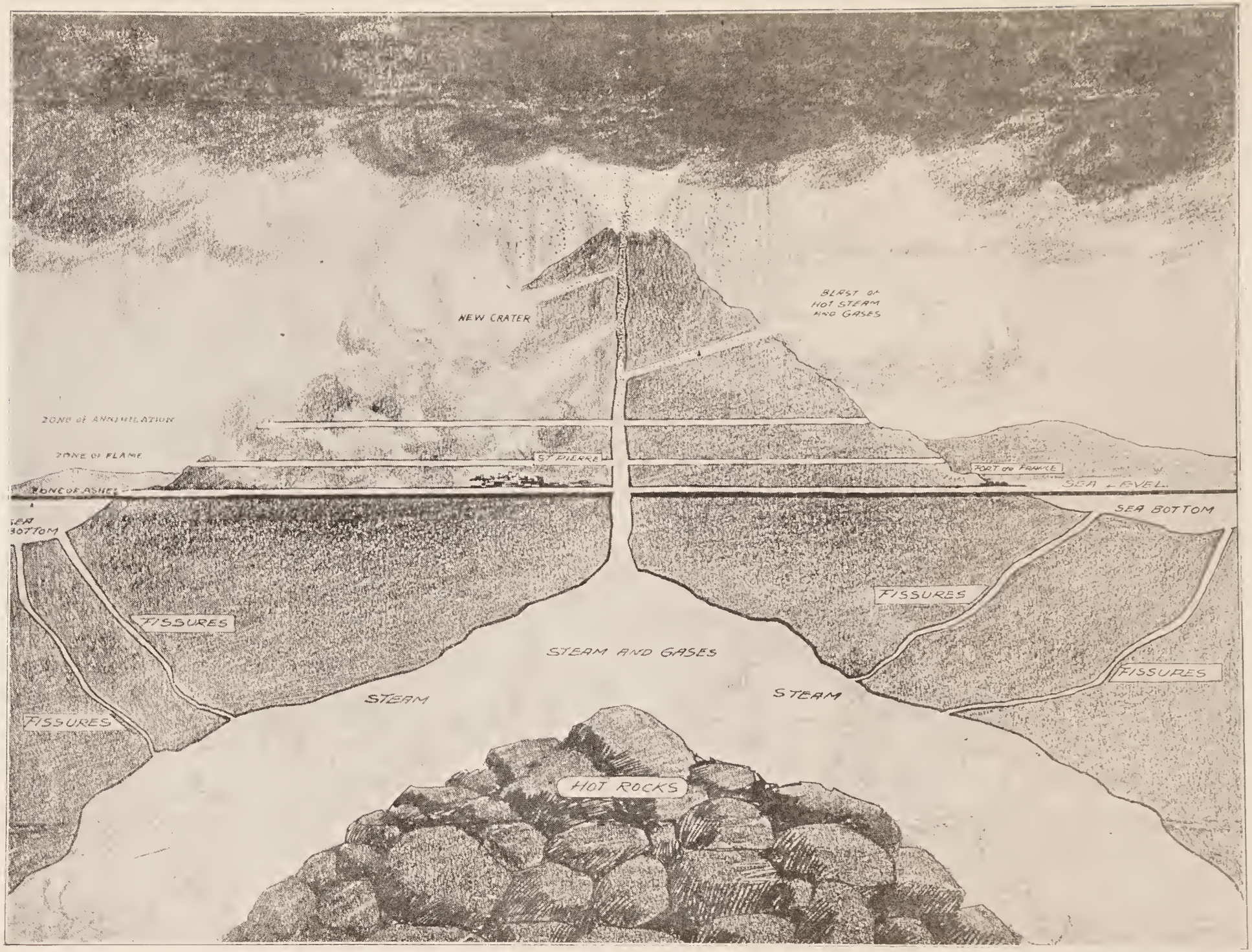
THE HEART OF THE RAINBOW CITY—This photograph of the heart of St. Pierre, the Cathedral, the buildings on the Rue Victor Hugo clustering around it and the roadstead, was taken from the height above the city called the Morne d'Orange where stood then a famous landmark for sailors, the thirty-foot-high statue of the Blessed Virgin, Notre Dame de la Garde, patron of mariners, erected by a ship's crew as a thank-offering for a very narrow escape from shipwreck. The square pedestal alone stands now. The statue, broken off at the base, was hurled thirty yards. In front of the Cathedral may be seen the Martinique Club, the Board of Trade, the Hotel des Bains and the Custom House.



THE CITY BURNED FOR FOUR DAYS—The ruins burned for days. On the Sunday following the Day of Doom smoke and flame were still to be seen in various parts of the town, and far above the heads of the search parties floated the rolling masses of the dense smoke cloud from the volcano. The Cathedral, whose solitary square tower is now the landmark in place of the famous two white spires that had stood so long, was still smouldering; and here and there houses were still aglow and smoking. The smoke and volcanic dust that filled the air formed a haze which made it well-nigh impossible to take good photographs.

CATACLYSM AS THE SURVIVORS SAW IT—This is the story told by Jean Prudent who at the time of the cataclysm was at work on the Italian bark "Lovico" and miraculously escaped. "First of all there was an awful roar and explosion," he says. "I looked up and saw a vast whirling cloud of smoke bigger than the mountain itself come out of the crater and rush down on the city and bay. It was horrible, choking smoke that killed all that it enwrapped, even tearing masts out of ships. Right after came a bigger mass of fire that burned the whole city at once. In three minutes it was all over, but for an hour I saw people rushing about in flames on shore and then dropping dead. Even the water of the sea was like a boiling cauldron."

The picture is from a drawing by Louis Bierderman from photographs and descriptions of the few survivors.



THE CAUSES OF THE ERUPTION—Prof. Robert T. Hill, of the U. S. Geological Survey, had a long discussion on the phenomena with Admiral Servan on board the French cruiser "Tage." Both thought that Mount Pelee might erupt for a year longer, but that the area of devastation would remain unchanged. As all the people had fled from the vicinity of the volcano, no great loss of life would probably in future occur. Fort de France is regarded perfectly safe. Admiral Servan said that one of the submarine cables was broken May 3d, at an unknown distance north of Martinique. This break was followed by the first eruption of ashes. The second cable was broken May 5th, at a point ten miles west of St. Pierre, in 150 fathoms of water; and when it was dredged up it was found to be tangled and twisted. The night of May 5th there occurred the eruption of mud which overwhelmed the Guerin Factory. Admiral Servan thinks that these facts indicate submarine fissures, which admitted sea water to the central incandescent mass. Prof. Hill admitted the possibility of this theory, but said the eruptions on the British Island of St. Vincent still remained a problem.

The drawing will explain the theory to the eye.

WHERE HOMES LAY IN RUINS—In one room of a house not far from the Hotel de Ville (City Hall) were eight bodies, tumbled one over the other, and giving evidence of a terrific struggle of the eight people to escape through the doors into the house. Seven of the eight bodies were entirely in the house. The eighth was lying across the threshold. In the room was the full keyboard of a piano, and the brass foot-pedals, very slightly charred. Mr. Teschart, the American Vice-Consul, lived in a spacious one-story stone house in the Rue Philippe. In three rooms of his house were eleven bodies; but all were so badly burned or charred that one could not even discern the sex of any of them. Some of them had been burned in part by the French soldiers, and the stench that arose from them was too great to endure.

A STREET CORNER — What street corner no one in the party knew. The figure is that of O. E. Parke, assistant secretary of Porto Rico, who volunteered his aid when the United States tug "Potomac" sailed speedily on her errand of mercy. The corner is in the business district. The débris is piled high and within were bodies of the victims. But the size of the man alone gives ability to judge of the titanic force that overturned and crumbled the massive walls of St. Pierre.

FOUND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RUE VICTOR HUGO—In the heart of the city, in the middle of the Rue Victor Hugo, the newspaper correspondents stopped suddenly. There lay an epitome of the City of Death—a skull, half embedded in the thick volcanic dust, as the photograph shows. "We tried to keep tally of the number of bodies that we had actually seen," wrote Mr. Seibold, "during our two days' visit. On the first day the count was 434. On the second day, in another part of the city more than a mile away, we counted 2,315 and probably walked unintentionally over as many more covered with débris, ashes and volcanic dust." The French soldiers took large quantities of kerosene oil to the ruins and cremated the bodies in large funeral pyres, so far as possible. Burial was impossible.

THE RUE VICTOR HUGO FULL OF LIFE—"'Picturesqueness and color,' these are the particular and unrivaled charms of St. Pierre," is the praise Lafcadio Hearn gives in *Two Years in the French West Indies*. "As you pursue the Grande Rue, or Rue Victor Hugo,—which traverses the town through all its length, undulating over hill slopes and into hollows and over a bridge,—you become more and more enchanted by the contrast of the yellow glowing walls to right and left with the jagged strip of gentian blue sky overhead. Charming also it is to watch the cross streets climbing up to the vivid green of the mountains behind the town."

THE "SOLENT'S" RELIEF PARTY WAS THE FIRST ASHORE—The Governor of the Barbados heard of the disaster on Saturday, two days after the eruption and at once sent the Royal Mail steamer "Solent" with five doctors and three nurses under command of Dr. C. J. Manning, and loaded with hospital supplies. She reached St. Pierre at noon, Sunday. The steamer passed the wrecks of nine vessels. The "Roraima" was still burning fiercely. Her sides were red hot. A boat's party was landed. The ruin of the town was absolute. Bare, broken walls stood, but heaps of débris blocked the streets everywhere and made it exceedingly difficult to walk. The unmistakable smell of scorched flesh had been noticed when the ship dropped anchor, and during the party's sojourn in the city of the dead it at times became overpowering.

A VICTIM FOUND BY THE "SOLENT'S" PARTY—"Wherever the 'Solent's' relief party turned, "said Dr. C. J. Manning, "there were dead bodies to be seen, scorched, blackened, hideous and heartrending to behold. The greater number of them were on their faces, some with their heads buried beneath their hands as if to avoid the stifling effects of the vapor which suffocated them all. Here lay the body of a magnificent specimen of a man, evidently a sailor who had perhaps floated ashore on some piece of wreckage, and thought himself saved from his burning ship. He had pulled his jumper over his head to avoid the suffo, cating fumes, but all to no purpose. Not one living soul had escaped."

A PICTURESQUE STREET IN OLD ST. PIERRE—"So steep are the streets descending to the harbor," wrote Lafcadio Hearn who best knew Martinique by flights of old massy stone steps, that looking down them to the azure waters you have the sensation of gazing down a cliff. From certain openings in the main street—the Rue Victor Hugo—you can get something like a bird's eye view of the harbor with its shipping. The roofs of the streets below are under your feet, and other streets are rising behind you to meet the mountain roads. They climb at a very steep angle, occasionally breaking into stairs of lava rock, all grass-tufted and moss-lined."

WHERE SIXTEEN DEAD LAY IN A HEAP—"The city was doomed and no one survived to tell the awful tale of its destruction," continued Dr. Manning of the "Solent" relief party in his story. "We found more and more dead bodies. Round this corner were sixteen in a heap. All evidently had been running their fastest to escape death which overtook them in the twinkling of an eye. There they lay a seething mass of scorched flesh. Opposite the bank was the horse and buggy of the manager, Mr. Barnes. The horse had his head tucked in under him in his effort to escape the effect of the deadly fumes. It mattered not wherever we turned there was the same awful story of death and destruction."

A CALCINED SKELETON THAT CRUMBLED TO ASHES — In the main street was the body of one calcined so that only the skull and large bones retained their form. A touch, and all crumbled to ashes. A most awful freak of the wrath of Pelee was encountered in a side street twenty rods from the theatre. In one of the few level spaces to be seen in the city of ruins was the full outline of the body of a man. The body was not in view, but traced accurately on the surface of the dust was a perfect figure silhouetted deep brown against its pearl-gray covering. The figure was revealed in moisture, but whether from the fluids of the body or kerosene that had been poured over it before the second fall of ashes and dust from Pelee one could not determine. Seen from a point ten feet away it was most gruesome and uncanny.

WRECK OF TELEPHONE AND CABLE OFFICES—The central office of the telephone company overlooked the harbor, and the cable station was four doors from it. All the wires of the telephone company, which had about eighty instruments in the city, had been torn from their poles, and every instrument in the cable office destroyed, lying in a jumbled mass of iron, and copper wires. The sending key of a Morse instrument was on the floor of the cable office. The office of the only newspaper that St. Pierre boasted—a weekly, the *Colonist*,—was a complete wreck near by. All the woodwork had been burned away. Most of the type, had been melted by the heat. In its last issue, published the Tuesday before the destruction of St. Pierre, May 6th, the *Colonist* fore old the disaster in a brief chronicle of the misbehavior of Mt. Pelee, and predicted "an explosion of Pelee to break a silence of fifty-one years."

UNITED STATES CONSUL THOMAS T. PRENTIS AND FAMILY—Mr. Prentis with his wife, his daughter May, who acted as her father's secretary, and his youngest daughter Christine, fourteen years old, perished in the destruction of St. Pierre. Mr. Prentis's body was only identified by a party from the U. S. S. "Potomac," and was recovered with great difficulty in the ruined consulate. The rescue party was once driven away by an eruption from Pelee. Mr. Prentis was buried with honors at Fort de France. Mr. Prentis came from Vermont. He was about sixty years old and had been in the consular service for twenty-five years, twenty years of which were spent in Mauritius. He leaves two sons, Thomas, who is in Batavia, and James who lives in Chicago.

THE RUINS OF THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE—Here the United States Consul, Thomas T. Prentis lived with his wife and two daughters, and here they perished. Ten days before the eruption Mrs. Prentis in a letter to her sister, Miss Alice Fry, of Melrose, Mass., wrote: "This morning the whole population of the city is on the alert and every eye is directed toward Mt. Pelee. Everybody is afraid that the volcano has taken into its heart to burst forth and destroy the whole island. We can see Mt. Pelee from the rear windows in our house and although it is fully four miles away we can hear the roar and see the fire and lava issuing from it with terrific force. The city is covered with ashes and clouds of smoke have been over our heads for the past five days. The smell of sulphur is so strong that the horses on the street stop and snort, and some of them are obliged to give up; drop in their harness and die from suffocation. Many of the people are obliged to wear wet handkerchiefs over their faces to protect them from the strong fumes of sulphur. My husband assures me that there is no immediate danger and when there is the least particle of danger he will leave the place. There is an American schooner in the harbor and it will remain there for at least two weeks. If the volcano becomes very bad we shall embark at once and go out to sea."

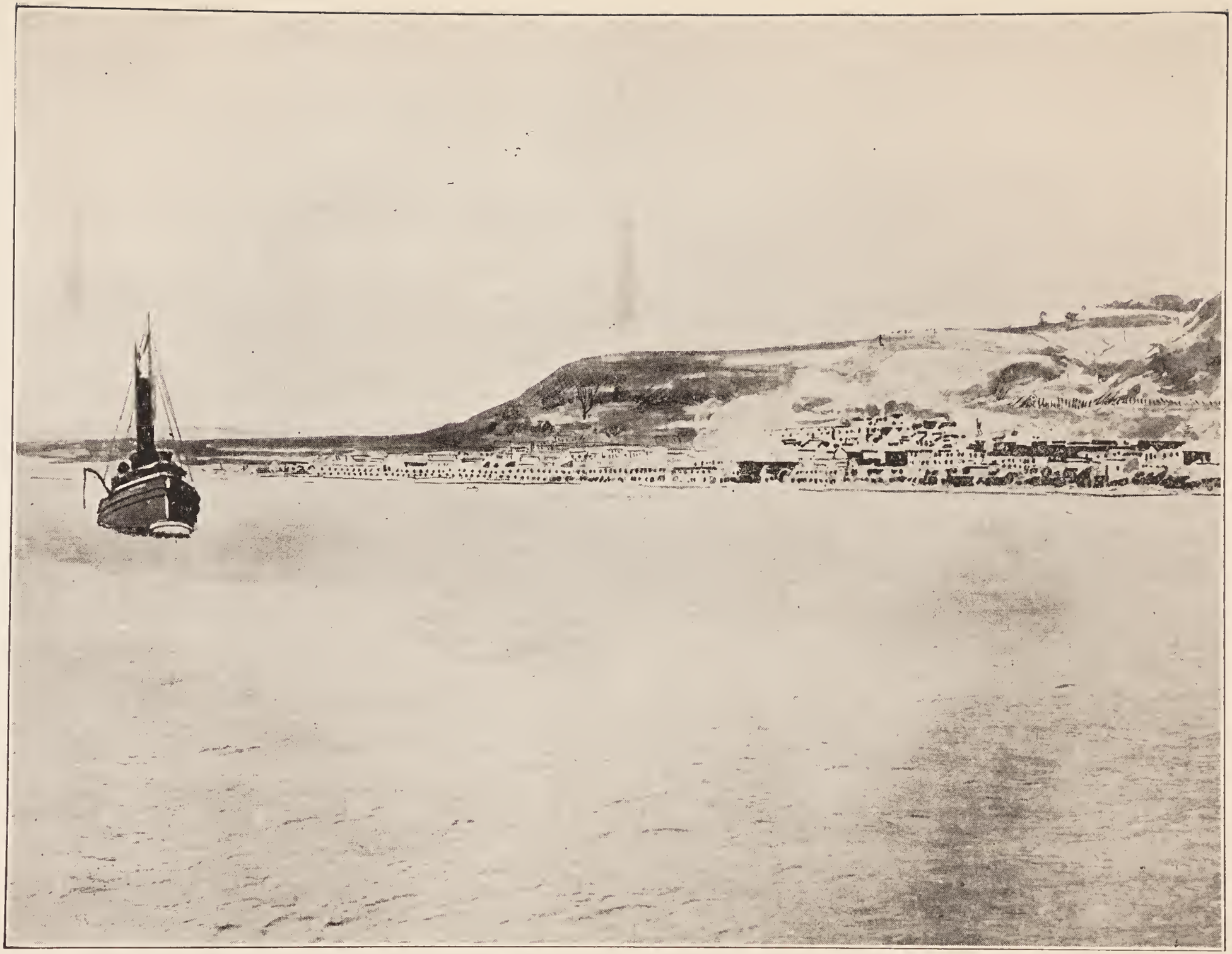
The lower picture is a view of the ruins in what was the old Market Place.

THE DEPUTY MAYOR LOST SIXTY-FIVE RELATIVES—Louis Ernoul, Deputy Mayor of St. Pierre, Martinique, lost sixty-five relatives in the disaster. The walls, doors and furniture of his house in the Rue de l'Hôpital, were left intact, but nothing was left in the garden except one tree, which is still bearing leaves and fruit. M. Ernoul says that a Mme. Brugler and her six children took refuge in a cave where they remained for sixty-two hours after the catastrophe. When the little party was discovered they were all terribly burned. Mme. Brugler had sufficient strength to murmur: "Water for Germaine," before she died. A cup of water was placed at the lips of Germaine, who expired after taking the first mouthful. Dr. Verne lost over forty near and distant relatives, to say nothing of hundreds of intimate friends there. M. Clarac, one of the wealthiest merchants of Fort de France, lost over an hundred relatives.

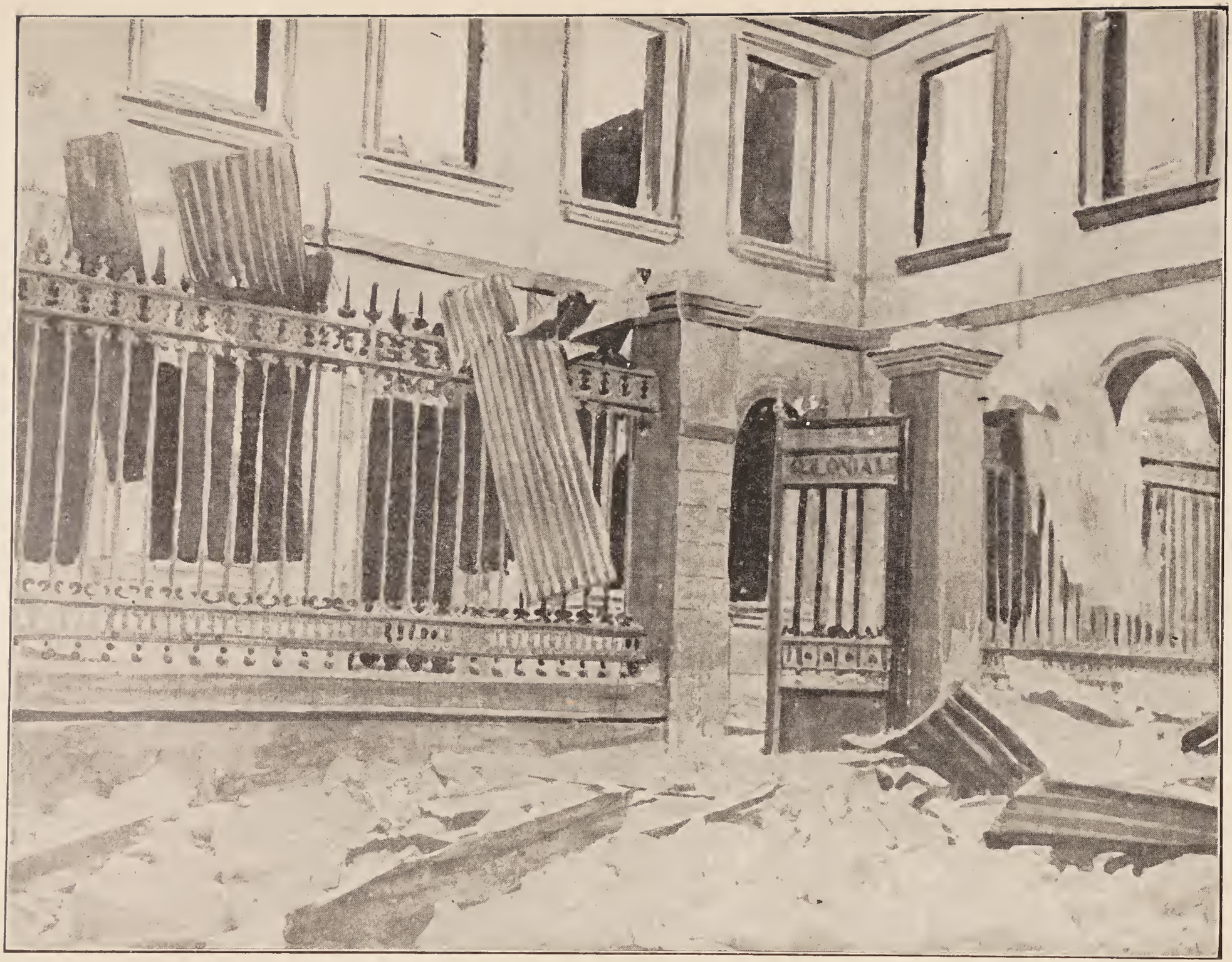
MOTHER AND CHILD HAD PERISHED TOGETHER — The search party from the "Solent" first looked on the tragedies of the dead. The "saddest," said Dr. C. J. Manning, "of all we saw were the mothers and children. There lay before us two bodies charred and stiffened in agony. Evidently they were mother and daughter. The child still grasped tightly its mother's hand now locked in death. Here was another child holding a piece of bread with the mark of the little one's teeth freshly impressed in it. And there lay a slender girl on whose feet were dainty shoes. And to look at that other poor woman! How bravely she had fought for the little child she held clasped to her breast. She lay right over it, but what avail? Both were dead."

WHERE THE TIDAL WAVE SWEPT THE SHORE—On May 5th, when the first eruption of the volcano poured hot mud down the dry bed of the Rivierre Blanche the sea receded all along the western coast of Martinique for a distance of 100 yards and returned with great force covering the whole sea front of St. Pierre and reaching the first houses on the Place Bertin. In panic the terror-stricken people rushed for the hills. The shore was strewn with flotsam and jetsam but the sea retired without doing great damage. The people recovered from their fright and the warning was unheeded.

The photograph shows how the sea had encroached thirty feet or more on the land. The old roadway is nearly covered with water.



THE ROADSTEAD WAS FULL OF SHARKS AND WHALES—On the face of the water the mass of dust ebbed and flowed for a mile on every side, gray save in spots where the violet tinge of the sea broke through it. The city of the dead that had once been gay St. Pierre was concealed under a heavy pall of gray brown until the nose of *The World* steamer "Longfellow," which was the first newspaper vessel to reach St. Pierre, was within a quarter of a mile of the landing place selected. Cautiously, as the steamer groped for an anchorage, she ploughed through a school of great black finback whales lifting their huge bulks lazily above the field of gray-brown dust, spouting and then dropping into the deep again, leaving scarcely a ripple to mark their course. Within a hundred yards of the shore, in fifteen fathoms of water, a turbulent motion of the water whipped into monstrous whitecaps and the glint of a great fin in the sunlight evidenced the activity of the hungry tiger-sharks fighting for the human bodies that were their prey.



RUINS OF THE COLONIAL BANK—The Colonial Bank was the chief financial institution of St. Pierre and indeed of Martinique. The walls stood until the second eruption of Pelee on May 20th, which leveled everything. The interior was completely gutted. The first landing party of French marines from the "Suchet" made directly for the bank and saved 2,000,000 francs in gold. All the vaults save one were found burst open. That one, a big steel safe, contained the only documents recovered from the city. In the court-yard, the correspondents found nine bodies and in the ruins of the building fourteen more were to be distinguished. Hundreds of small copper coins were scattered about everywhere. The paper money had been completely destroyed and the silver coins were fused by the intense heat.

FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS THE LOSS—Forty millions of dollars would not cover the money losses caused by the destruction of St. Pierre. The value of property, lands, public buildings, stores, and dwelling-houses alone was $18,000,000, very little of which was protected by insurance. Mr. Bauquelin of Castries, St. Lucia, estimates that $40,000,000 will not any more than cover these losses. Of this $15,000,000 was in personal property, bonds, stocks, drafts, jewelry and money (mostly gold), household furnishings and pictures, of which there were a great many of value in St. Pierre. The loss of trade will probably foot up $15,000,000 a year, but this cannot be put down as an actual loss, because Fort de France will reclaim more than one-half of it.

This photograph of the Rue St. Louis emphasizes the total destruction everywhere.

"PETITE MIGNON'S" STREET CAR—In the Rue Mont Parnaisse ran the little street railway of St. Pierre. The tracks are there now and the remnants of the funny little car with all the woodwork burned away. Two dead, half-burned mules were near. Three bodies were found under the twisted iron all flattened and partly burned. One was that of "Petite Mignon" the collector of fares. The fun-loving messieurs, mesdames and mademoiselles regarded the railway as the greatest joke in all St. Pierre. The cars were small and open, with a running board on either side. The driver was a negro, and Mignon was the conductor; a typical French Creole grisette. Every man that ever went to St. Pierre knew Mignon. She skipped along the runningboard, collected the sous, joked with the passengers and scolded the driver and the mules—always keeping most of the change. She was lying dead now, a heavy iron wheel penning her slight figure into and half under the dust. A handful of petite sous and half francs were scattered in the dust around her. The four other photographs are snapshots along the Rue Victor Hugo when all was gayety.

IN THE RUE MONT PARNAISSE 100 BODIES WERE FOUND—Coming down from the highest street in St. Pierre the Rue Mont Parnaisse, through the Rue Scribe to the water front, the presence of more than one hundred bodies tangled and crushed together, furnished mute evidence of what must have been the most terrible battle among the frenzied people to reach the sea. At one corner men, women and children had met in a mad race with death and lost. In one pile massed in the angle of two buildings were eleven bodies. The body of a woman surmounted it. A brass crucifix dangled from a chain of turquoise beads attached to her poor, withered, burned arm. The body of an infant, apparently not more than a year old, was lying under the woman's body.

WHERE THE DEAD LAY THICKLY — As the south end of the city was approached, the bodies seen in the streets were lying on their faces, with their heads pointed to the north, giving mute evidence of the awful struggle of the people to reach the water, where death awaited the onrushing thousands that perished. In an aperture of one of the crumbling walls was the body of a woman, perfectly formed, but entirely nude and partly charred, the hair all burned away. Under a stone at her right hand was found a charred bit of paper and three inches of a coral necklace tarnished by the fire and heat. On the paper was written: "—— June ——5 Paris from —— York —— Steamer ——gne. Toujours. CHARLES. New York —— day."

LOOKING UP THE RUE DE L'HÔPITAL—Here the ruin was complete. The thick walls stand sturdily. The heavy masonry resisted the fury of the cyclone blast, but the débris is deeper, broader and more chaotic than elsewhere. The rubbish is heaped twelve feet high. Here on one spot were found the bodies of twenty-two men, women, and children, lying huddled together near a wall with arms and legs protruding. Yet household utensils were found, with earthenware pots unharmed save by smoke.

THE PLACE BERTIN, CATHEDRAL AND SIGNAL TOWER, FROM THE SEA—Many of the photographs of the ruins of St. Pierre show the ruined Cathedral, the stump of the wrecked signal tower, the broken fountain and the open Place Bertin, heaped high and clogged with débris. Of the landing stage not a bit is left. Even the belgian blocks of the Prado were torn up; the warehouses are crumbled masses of masonary. The hillside beyond is stripped of trees, shrubbery and flowers, and covered with gray ashes like a New England hillside with snow. Only when the two pictures are placed side by side, this of St. Pierre when it was the Rainbow City of the Antilles and any of the others now that it is the City of the Dead, can one appreciate the full magnitude of the cyclopean force that crushed out the city in sudden cataclysm.

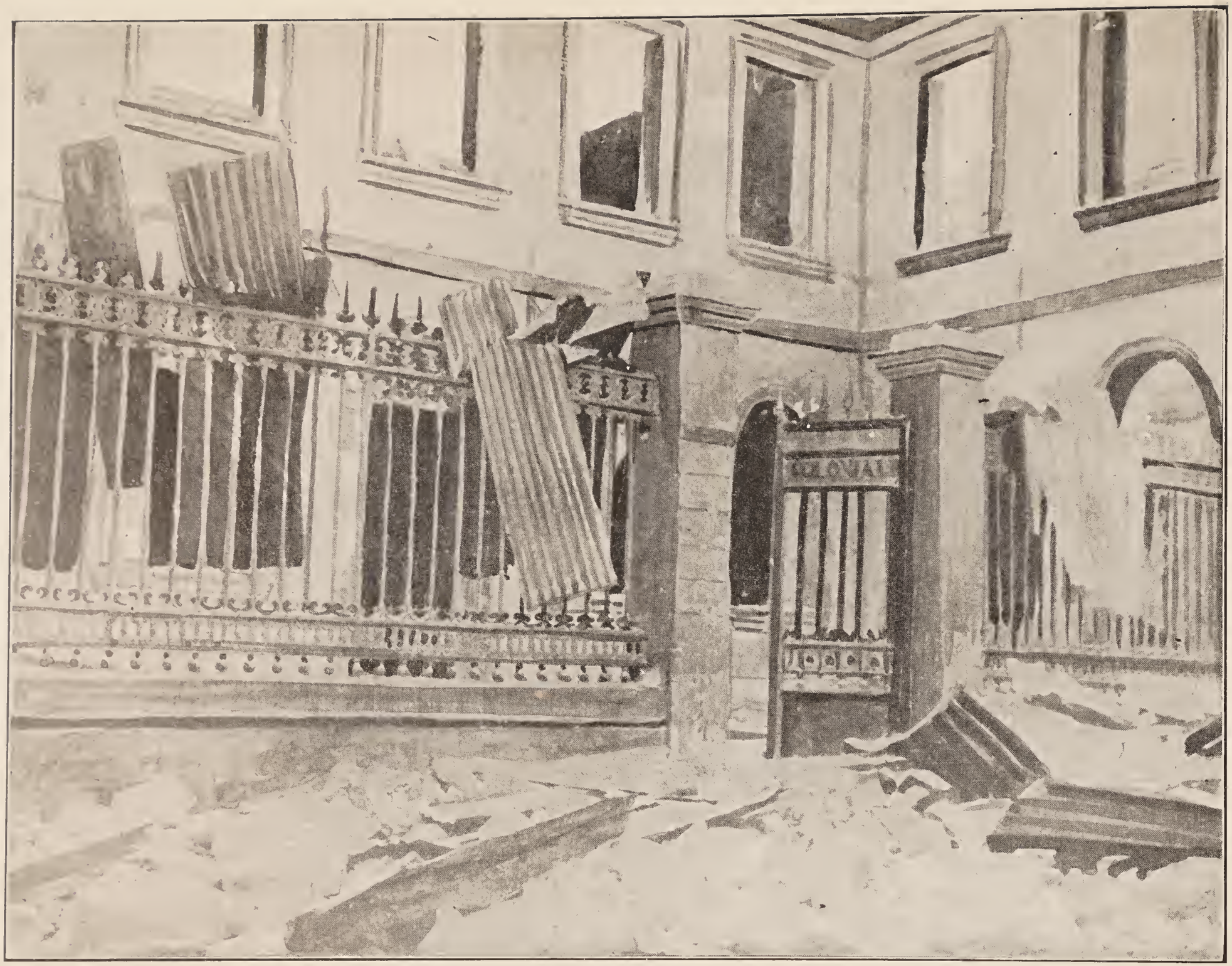
THE PRADO AND THE WRECK OF THE SIGNAL TOWER—St. Pierre lay on an open roadstead and had no freight dock. All freight was discharged by lighters onto the Prado or broad landing whence a dock stretched out seaward for the convenience of passengers. On this paved Prado the freight was checked up, sorted out and distributed. Here might have been seen the hogsheads of sugar and molasses, and hundreds of casks of rum, for St. Pierre exported large quantities of this fiery liquor; and here, too, the sailors in the harbor saw flowing, flaming rivers of rum from exploding barrels run down over the paving stones to the sea.

ON THE RUE ST. LOUIS—This was a fashionable business street of St. Pierre, where the road bed was comparatively free from débris. Here and there the black spots show where bodies of the dead lay partially covered with the volcanic dust. The iron balconies which were the architectural feature of the second stories are entirely gone save that a few fire-twisted rods hang down in the street. Within the destruction was complete. The flames had completely incinerated the bodies of the victims that perished.

TREES UPROOTED BY A MIGHTY WHIRLWIND—When the "Solent" relief party landed they were surprised to find all the large fig trees uprooted, and some of them with the roots uppermost were without a single leaf left on them. The boughs were snapped rudely off and scattered all over the landing place. One house had fallen in, and the ceiling laths were twisted all in one direction as one might twist a handful of straws. These seem to point to the fact that the sudden escape of so much heated air from the volcano at the time of the great explosion had caused a mighty whirlwind which tore up the trees by the roots. There was no sign whatever of there having been a great earthquake as there were no cracks nor fissures in the Esplanade or anywhere else.

STREET LEADING TO THE COLLEGE OF ST. LOUIS DE GONZAGA—At the head of this picturesque old street in the East Town, St. Pierre, rose the college of St. Louis de Gonzaga, a fine mass of buildings looming above the green foliage and looking far out to sea. Here several boys and twenty-two priests and professors were domiciled. The buildings were razed to the ground and all perished. Several blocks to the north near the Fort Church stood the convent where the girls of the best families of Martinique and the neighboring islands were educated. Here were two hundred girls and thirty-six nuns on the morning of Ascension Day. All perished and the very walls of the convent have disappeared.

THE ROADSTEAD WAS FULL OF SHARKS AND WHALES—On the face of the water the mass of dust ebbed and flowed for a mile on every side, gray save in spots where the violet tinge of the sea broke through it. The city of the dead that had once been gay St. Pierre was concealed under a heavy pall of gray brown until the nose of *The World* steamer "Longfellow," which was the first newspaper vessel to reach St. Pierre, was within a quarter of a mile of the landing place selected. Cautiously, as the steamer groped for an anchorage, she ploughed through a school of great black finback whales lifting their huge bulks lazily above the field of gray-brown dust, spouting and then dropping into the deep again, leaving scarcely a ripple to mark their course. Within a hundred yards of the shore, in fifteen fathoms of water, a turbulent motion of the water whipped into monstrous whitecaps and the glint of a great fin in the sunlight evidenced the activity of the hungry tiger-sharks fighting for the human bodies that were their prey.



RUINS OF THE COLONIAL BANK—The Colonial Bank was the chief financial institution of St. Pierre and indeed of Martinique. The walls stood until the second eruption of Pelee on May 20th, which leveled everything. The interior was completely gutted. The first landing party of French marines from the "Suchet" made directly for the bank and saved 2,000,000 francs in gold. All the vaults save one were found burst open. That one, a big steel safe, contained the only documents recovered from the city. In the court-yard, the correspondents found nine bodies and in the ruins of the building fourteen more were to be distinguished. Hundreds of small copper coins were scattered about everywhere. The paper money had been completely destroyed and the silver coins were fused by the intense heat.

FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS THE LOSS—Forty millions of dollars would not cover the money losses caused by the destruction of St. Pierre. The value of property, lands, public buildings, stores, and dwelling-houses alone was $18,000,000, very little of which was protected by insurance. Mr. Bauquelin of Castries, St. Lucia, estimates that $40,000,000 will not any more than cover these losses. Of this $15,000,000 was in personal property, bonds, stocks, drafts, jewelry and money (mostly gold), household furnishings and pictures, of which there were a great many of value in St. Pierre. The loss of trade will probably foot up $15,000,000 a year, but this cannot be put down as an actual loss, because Fort de France will reclaim more than one-half of it.

This photograph of the Rue St. Louis emphasizes the total destruction everywhere.

"PETITE MIGNON'S" STREET CAR—In the Rue Mont Parnaisse ran the little street railway of St. Pierre. The tracks are there now and the remnants of the funny little car with all the woodwork burned away. Two dead, half-burned mules were near. Three bodies were found under the twisted iron all flattened and partly burned. One was that of "Petite Mignon" the collector of fares. The fun-loving messieurs, mesdames and mademoiselles regarded the railway as the greatest joke in all St. Pierre. The cars were small and open, with a running board on either side. The driver was a negro, and Mignon was the conductor; a typical French Creole grisette. Every man that ever went to St. Pierre knew Mignon. She skipped along the runningboard, collected the sous, joked with the passengers and scolded the driver and the mules—always keeping most of the change. She was lying dead now, a heavy iron wheel penning her slight figure into and half under the dust. A handful of petite sous and half francs were scattered in the dust around her. The four other photographs are snapshots along the Rue Victor Hugo when all was gayety.

IN THE RUE MONT PARNAISSE 100 BODIES WERE FOUND—Coming down from the highest street in St. Pierre the Rue Mont Parnaisse, through the Rue Scribe to the water front, the presence of more than one hundred bodies tangled and crushed together, furnished mute evidence of what must have been the most terrible battle among the frenzied people to reach the sea. At one corner men, women and children had met in a mad race with death and lost. In one pile massed in the angle of two buildings were eleven bodies. The body of a woman surmounted it. A brass crucifix dangled from a chain of turquoise beads attached to her poor, withered, burned arm. The body of an infant, apparently not more than a year old, was lying under the woman's body.

WHERE THE DEAD LAY THICKLY — As the south end of the city was approached, the bodies seen in the streets were lying on their faces, with their heads pointed to the north, giving mute evidence of the awful struggle of the people to reach the water, where death awaited the onrushing thousands that perished. In an aperture of one of the crumbling walls was the body of a woman, perfectly formed, but entirely nude and partly charred, the hair all burned away. Under a stone at her right hand was found a charred bit of paper and three inches of a coral necklace tarnished by the fire and heat. On the paper was written: "—— June ——5 Paris from —— York —— Steamer ——gne. Toujours. CHARLES. New York —— day."

LOOKING UP THE RUE DE L'HÔPITAL—Here the ruin was complete. The thick walls stand sturdily. The heavy masonry resisted the fury of the cyclone blast, but the débris is deeper, broader and more chaotic than elsewhere. The rubbish is heaped twelve feet high. Here on one spot were found the bodies of twenty-two men, women, and children, lying huddled together near a wall with arms and legs protruding. Yet household utensils were found, with earthenware pots unharmed save by smoke.

THE PLACE BERTIN, CATHEDRAL AND SIGNAL TOWER, FROM THE SEA — Many of the photographs of the ruins of St. Pierre show the ruined Cathedral, the stump of the wrecked signal tower, the broken fountain and the open Place Bertin, heaped high and clogged with débris. Of the landing stage not a bit is left. Even the belgian blocks of the Prado were torn up; the warehouses are crumbled masses of masonary. The hillside beyond is stripped of trees, shrubbery and flowers, and covered with gray ashes like a New England hillside with snow. Only when the two pictures are placed side by side, this of St. Pierre when it was the Rainbow City of the Antilles and any of the others now that it is the City of the Dead, can one appreciate the full magnitude of the cyclopean force that crushed out the city in sudden cataclysm.

THE PRADO AND THE WRECK OF THE SIGNAL TOWER—St. Pierre lay on an open roadstead and had no freight dock. All freight was discharged by lighters onto the Prado or broad landing whence a dock stretched out seaward for the convenience of passengers. On this paved Prado the freight was checked up, sorted out and distributed. Here might have been seen the hogsheads of sugar and molasses, and hundreds of casks of rum, for St. Pierre exported large quantities of this fiery liquor; and here, too, the sailors in the harbor saw flowing, flaming rivers of rum from exploding barrels run down over the paving stones to the sea.

ON THE RUE ST. LOUIS — This was a fashionable business street of St. Pierre, where the road bed was comparatively free from débris. Here and there the black spots show where bodies of the dead lay partially covered with the volcanic dust. The iron balconies which were the architectural feature of the second stories are entirely gone save that a few fire-twisted rods hang down in the street. Within the destruction was complete. The flames had completely incinerated the bodies of the victims that perished.

TREES UPROOTED BY A MIGHTY WHIRLWIND—When the "Solent" relief party landed they were surprised to find all the large fig trees uprooted, and some of them with the roots uppermost were without a single leaf left on them. The boughs were snapped rudely off and scattered all over the landing place. One house had fallen in, and the ceiling laths were twisted all in one direction as one might twist a handful of straws. These seem to point to the fact that the sudden escape of so much heated air from the volcano at the time of the great explosion had caused a mighty whirlwind which tore up the trees by the roots. There was no sign whatever of there having been a great earthquake as there were no cracks nor fissures in the Esplanade or anywhere else.

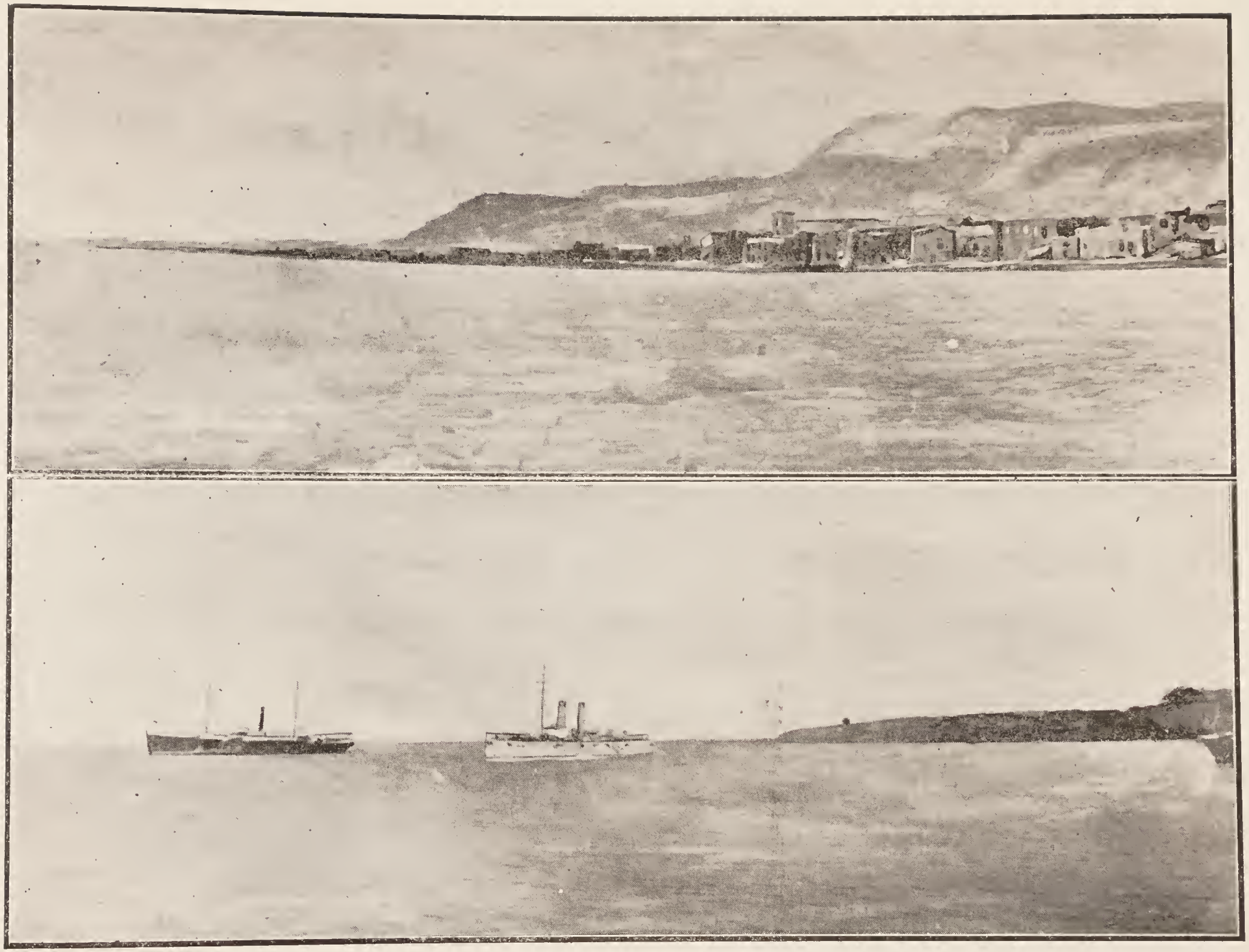
STREET LEADING TO THE COLLEGE OF ST. LOUIS DE GONZAGA—At the head of this picturesque old street in the East Town, St. Pierre, rose the college of St. Louis de Gonzaga, a fine mass of buildings looming above the green foliage and looking far out to sea. Here several boys and twenty-two priests and professors were domiciled. The buildings were razed to the ground and all perished. Several blocks to the north near the Fort Church stood the convent where the girls of the best families of Martinique and the neighboring islands were educated. Here were two hundred girls and thirty-six nuns on the morning of Ascension Day. All perished and the very walls of the convent have disappeared.

WHERE THE THICK WALLS CRUMBLED—This photograph taken through the interior of a block of the better residences shows how complete the destruction was. The débris fills and chokes the interiors and the street till one walks nearly on a level with the second floor. These houses were mostly built of rough stone and rubble in cement and covered with stucco on the outside. The walls were very thick. Fires were rare and seldom spread beyond the house where the blaze started. Few people carried insurance against fire. The fire insurance companies will, therefore, suffer no great loss. Probably $400,000 would cover the entire risks in the whole city.

REFUGEES BY THE SIGNAL TOWER — The photographer found a typical lot of refugees here on the landing place by the ruined signal tower whose broken shaft is seen on the right. The negroes were ragged and dejected looking, though stalwart and erect, man and woman alike. They had their household goods with them, such as they could save, but no one had a larger bundle than could be carried on the head. They had come down from along the coast to the north by sea in tiny, frail canoes and boats. Noticeable to one who has traveled in the West Indies was the scarcity of children. Few were seen in the many parties of refugees.

THE GUERIN SUGAR FACTORY—This factory was the first victim of Mt. Pelee's awakening. On May 5, three days before St. Pierre perished, the volcano suddenly poured forth a stream of black, boiling mud that rushed down the southwest slope of the mountain along the big bed of the Rivierre Blanche, and overwhelmed everything which obstructed its rush to the sea. Of the Guerin Sugar Factory on the beach two miles north of St. Pierre only the tall chimney remained visible. Estates and buildings were covered up. The boiling wave of mud rose to a height of twenty feet and was quarter of a mile wide. In three minutes from the time it was observed the flowing mud reached the sea five miles from the crater. A tidal wave followed.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM ON THE SHORE AT ST. PIERRE—The correspondent of the *London Daily Mail* tells this story of his first view of the ruined city. "When we were about three miles off St. Pierre the ocean was covered with wreckage among which floated bloated, disfigured corpses of men, and women, the prey of thousands of sea birds and ravenous sharks. They are for the most part bodies of poor fugitives drowned in attempting an impossible flight. At length the land came into full view. It was a wild sight. Everywhere lay a thick coat of ashes and mud covering everything. The scene was one of utter desolation. Away to right and left stretched long rows of ruined walls plastered to one tint by gray volcanic mud. Here and there were charred and twisted trunks of what were once giant trees.



ROADSTEAD OF ST. PIERRE AFTER THE CATASTROPHE—When the Danish cruiser "Valkyrien," ordered from St. Thomas to assist in the rescue work, reached St. Pierre on Saturday May 10th they found the fall of volcanic ashes troublesome. They lay off for the night and witnessed a remarkable spectacle of fire and lightning. Ashes fell, and detonations were heard. In the morning they saw the French cruiser "Suchet," and went nearer the shore. The ashes became dense and many dead bodies were floating on the sea. They were burned and swollen and floating in groups, in some cases of ten each. The dead hands were knotted and the limbs were cramped. Nearly all the bodies were those of white persons. St. Pierre was covered with ashes. They then joined the cruiser "Suchet" and the cable repair ship "Pouyer Quertier," and together went toward Le Prescheur. The rain of ashes was heavy, and shrouded the "Suchet." The boats from all three ships were put overboard, and the rescue of people from the shore began at 11 o'clock in the morning. All were covered with gray ashes, eyes were weeping and the heat was intolerable. The "Valkyrien" saved six hundred people from the north side. The bottom photograph shows the U. S. S. "Sterling" and U. S. S. "Cincinnati" in Fort de France harbor.

THE WRECKED INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL—As it was Ascension Day morning that the death blast fell on the doomed city, the Cathedral was crowded with worshipers. All perished. When roof and walls fell in hundreds were buried. Here and there arms and legs stuck out. But the wreckage was so complete no effort was made to disinter the bodies. They were left in the ruins of the sacred edifice. The big bell lies within on the wreckage In the ruined altar still remained the ciborium containing the consecrated wafers unharmed. This the Catholics of the island hailed with awed wonder as a miracle.

THE CATHEDRAL DU MOUILLAGE—With glistening twin towers gleaming white against the dark green of the tropical hillside the spires of the Cathedral du Mouillage caught every eye that gazed with wonder and delight on the rainbow city of the Antilles. In the west facade was a statue of the Holy Virgin. The first searching parties gazed with wonder at it when they visited the Cathedral, wrecked and ruined, but still dominating desolated St. Pierre; for this statue survived the first eruption and still stood in place unmutilated. The south tower contained a superb chime of bells that echoed through the city thrice daily. These, Africans rang on the great holidays with great verve and feeling, such as one could hear no where else. In the north tower hung the big bell. The interior was beautiful and the marble altar was hung with many votive offerings.

CORNER BY CLUB WHERE FIFTY-FOUR WERE FOUND DEAD—In the corner, in the left fore-ground of the picture, may be seen the remains of fifty-four bodies. This was one of the centers of the gayest social life of the city. A corner is shown of the Martinique Club, the best in the city, and known to every foreigner of distinction who visited St. Pierre. The wall with the empty windows opposite is all that remains of the Hotel des Bains, the best in the city. At this corner must have perished some of the best-known people of St. Pierre. But the bodies were unrecognizable and the ghastly heap was mercifully covered over with the sifting volcanic dust till but few were visible in their ghastliness.

THE COURTS OF JUSTICE — Nowhere were the ruins more complete than at the Courts of Justice. Yet the two busts of Law and Justice that guard the entrance to the courtyard show no injury whatever save that they are gray with volcanic dust. The records of the courts were utterly destroyed; but this matters little as people and property, litigants and lawyers, plaintiffs and defendants have all perished, and no one will again set up the boundary posts in what was once the thriving, bustling city of St. Pierre, and is now a desolation.

A TYPICAL STREET LEADING TO THE HILLSIDE—At right angles to the Rue Victor Hugo little streets led to the hillside that abruptly hemmed in the city on the landward side. Dense vegetation clothed the slope, and every native walking below at night feared lest the fer-de-lance, a little snake more deadly than the rattlesnake, might drop in his path from the shrubbery. Shutters closed the unglazed windows, doors opened directly on the pavement, rivulets of clear water tinkled down the streets and the little half-dressed or naked black and brown children played about all day long. It is a typical street crowd that has gathered laughing before the camera.

SIX CHILDREN DEAD IN A RUINED SCHOOL ROOM — In a house in the Rue Philippe, evidently one of the residence streets occupied by the better class of people, were six bodies, all of children half buried under the dust and small iron supports of what appeared to have been desks. A black-board three feet high and eight feet long stood on one of the walls. None of the children appeared to have been more than six or seven years old, and white or the lighter tone of the brown people,—the Creoles of Martinique. This was a private school, of which there were several in St. Pierre.

THE WRECKED STEAMER "RORAIMA" AND THE LATE CAPTAIN MUGGAH — Assistant purser Thompson who was saved from the burning "Roraima" tells this story: "The eruption came soon after we arrived. A solid wall of fire rushed at us. St. Pierre vanished before our eyes. Capt. Muggah, who was on the bridge and was terribly burned, shouted to get up the anchor but all hands were on deck when the wave of fire struck us and most were killed outright. The 'Roraima' was thrown on her beam ends by the returning wave of water and Capt. Muggah fell overboard. Two of the crew jumped after him and hauled him upon a floating hatch, and then back on board, but he died at one o'clock. Chief Engineer Scott was saved by a negro stevedore who dragged him into the steerage and held the door shut against the flames. I saved my life by burying myself in the bedclothes in my stateroom. Out of sixty-eight but twenty-five were alive when the French cruiser 'Suchet' took us off at 2 P. M. Several have died since then."

THE STEAMER "RODDAM," WITH CAPT. FREEMAN (on the left), **AND THE LATE CAPT. BOREHAM OF THE LOST CABLE STEAMER "GRAPPLER"** (on the right)—One vessel, the British steamer "Roddam," of the eighteen at anchor in the roadstead, escaped. It seems a miracle. It was an amazing story of wonderful pluck, of undaunted courage, of sure seamanship. The "Roddam" had but just arrived when the blast fell and stripped her of her upper works. The sailors on deck fell dead and dying in the fiery ashes. Capt. Freeman jumped to the wheel with a single quartermaster to help him. A wondering engineer climbed up from the engine room and stuck his head out. The captain cried to him to go back and keep up steam. He rang to go ahead. The steam steering gear jammed. The steamer went backward and forward till clear, and then crept to St. Lucia. A sailor stood by and kept wiping Capt. Freeman's eyes clear. It was a gray, ash-covered, wrecked ship of the dead, steered by the dying. Two mates, the chief engineer, the supercargo, and eight sailors were killed. The captain and ten of the crew were taken to the hospital.

RIVIERRE ROXELANE AND THE HOTEL DES BAINS—Through the center of St. Pierre ran, in the happy days, the Rivierre Roxelane or the Rivierre des Blanchisseuses. Always as far as the eye could reach one could see its rocky bed white with unsoaped linen and busy with negro washer-women. Now thirty feet of mud and ashes fill the river bed even with the débris of the houses on either side.

The lower photograph shows the Hotel des Bains as it was, when it was the best hotel in St. Pierre and noted for its well appointed baths served by beautifully clear and cool running mountain water called the Gouyave water. Pelee's best gift to the town it cherished.

A Creole beauty adorns the page.

NEGRO WASHER-WOMEN OF MARTINIQUE—Through the heart of St. Pierre flowed the Roxelane, or the Rivierre des Blanchisseuses, clear, sparkling water from Pelee's sides, and on the rocks in the heart of the city always could be seen the negro washer-women beating their linen. It was a picturesque sight as they stood in the water with skirts well-tucked up, laughing, talking, gossiping, as the cleaning (and destructive) laundry work went on. Now the river-bed is dry and mud-gorged. The putty-colored mud is crusted over where the hot sun has baked it, and the mass rises to the second stories of the houses along its banks, and extends from house to house more than fifty feet. Its depth is about forty feet.

GOVERNOR LOUIS MOUTTET OF MARTINIQUE — Romance and tragedy are strangely mingled in the story of the Governor of Martinique, who by such curious fatality returned to perish in the terrible disaster that swept away St. Pierre. Governor Mouttet had been making a round of official visits to various points on the island. He had come back to St. Pierre on the very eve of the cataclysm to perish with his wife in the home where they had known so much happiness. Louis Mouttet at the time of his death was rapidly reaching the crest of the wave of prosperity. He was the child of working people and his early years at Marseilles, his birth-place, were spent in the humblest of surroundings. His first appointment was as chief-of-staff to the Governor-General of Indo-China, and in 1901 was promoted to the Martinique Post. He was still a young man, being only forty-four. His three orphan children were sent to France to be educated and cared for by the government.

MARGARET, ERIC AND OLGA STOKES — Mrs. Stokes had lost her husband in New York and was returning in the steamer "Roraima" with her three children to her old home in Barbados. All were on deck, fascinated by the sight, when the death blast came from Mt. Pelee. The colored nurse, Clara King, pushed Margaret into the stateroom and dragged the little boy Eric in after her. A lurch of the ship swung the door open and hurled the boy out to instant death. Mrs. Stokes had the baby Olga and both were so badly burned that they died before they could reach shelter. Little Margaret, who behaved like a little heroine though badly burned, lay swathed in bandages in the hospital at Fort de France when a fortnight after the disaster she told her story to Mr. Seibold. She will be scarred for life. It was not till June 5th that she was able to continue her journey to her aunts in Barbados, and she was not allowed, by the grasping hospital authorities, to leave then until three hundred and twenty francs had been paid for her board, lodging and treatment

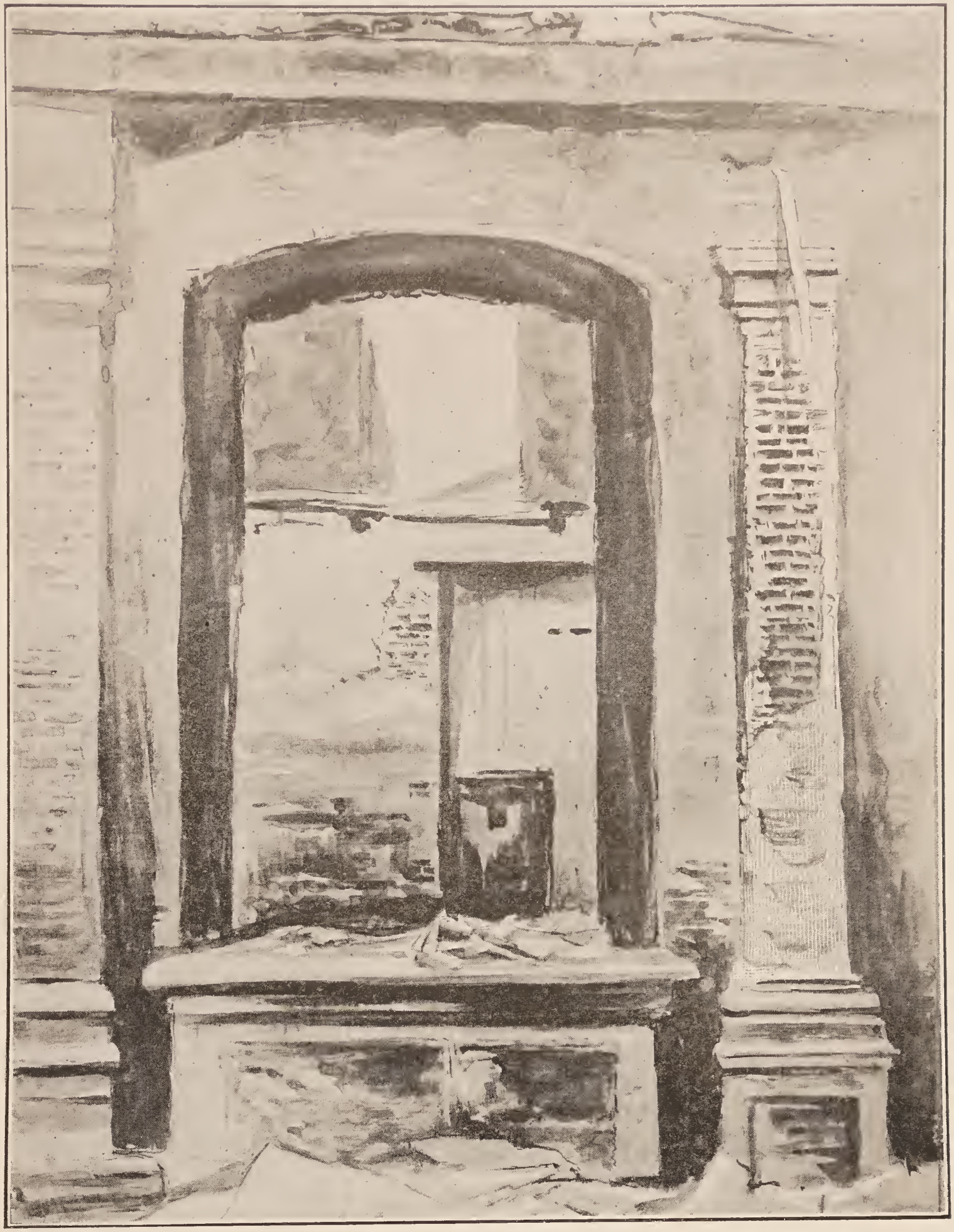
RAOUL SARTOUT, THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE DISASTER — One man only in St. Pierre lived through the cataclysm. Raoul Sartout, an ignorant negro, who, charged with murder, had assaulted his guards and for punishment had been thrust into the dungeon of the jail on Rue Dieppe. He heard but an echo of the rumbling of Pelee, and felt the tremor. Soon he realized that something extraordinary had happened. The rumble and crash continued, he could see nothing. Burning hot ashes and dust sifted through to his dungeon cell. It burned him even in the furthest corner. Then came the awful silence. He says he laid on the stone floor for hours. He staggered to the further cell door and beat it till his knuckles bled; the corridor was stifling with ashes. Hunger and thirst over-came him and stupor, not sleep, possessed him. At last, on the fourth day, his faint shrieks for help in the awful solitude were heard by the first search party from the "Suchet." A sailor found him, pried the bars apart and he was dragged out safe, freed and cared for.

INTERIOR OF THE HOSPITAL — Though the hospital walls are standing the interior is entirely gone, on the ground floor were found, as shown in the photograph, only the iron bedsteads twisted by fire and the fall, and blackened by the flames. Parts of bodies were found here also. It is evident that the flames that destroyed the hospital left nothing but fragments of the people in it. The bedding and other textiles have been completely consumed. The searchers discovered some queer freaks of the fire that swept the city. The body of one woman was burned to a crisp but a silk handkerchief over her mouth was not injured in the least. Other bodies were completely burned but the shoes were unscorched.

THE SIGNAL TOWER OR LIGHTHOUSE—This round stump of a building that appears in so many photographs was the signal tower or lighthouse that stood on the landing place of the Prado and displayed signals by day and by night, a red light for the French mail steamer, and a green light for the English mail steamer. Standing out prominently on the shore with the green trees of the Place Bertin behind it, it was as striking a landmark as the Cathedral towers four blocks away. The winding stairs within are still to be seen; in front is a cannon that has been tossed yards by the force of the blast. The bodies scattered about were the first to be gathered up and cremated as a safe landing place was the first necessity of the arriving parties.

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT—On the Rue Victor Hugo, in its day, there was no restaurant more fashionable than the Café Ernest Renan. The photograph shows all that is left of it. On the second floor where was the kitchen, a gridiron still hangs on the wall. Pots and pans were strewn about. Through the doorway may be seen a table. On the table cloth, once white now gray, lay breakfast for three, the coffee in the pot a cake of mud. Huddled about the table where they had fallen from their chairs lay the bodies of the man and the two women who were breakfasting when the death blast fell. Seven other bodies lay on the floor of the room.

REFUGEES IN THE PLACE BERTIN—Here, near the landing stage, all the refugees from along the coast gathered to be taken off by the steamboats and carried to Fort de France. The poor negroes had but little to save at most, and for many the burning of their huts left them with but the clothing they had on, or, if in luck, with a thin rug and a bundle of rude household stores. Fortunate ones had dried fish with them but most were in need of both rations and clothing. Here on the Place Bertin trunks of trees torn up by the root and stripped of leaves and branches lay about, and back of all, above the ruins, rose the only distinguishable landmark, the lonely shattered tower of the Cathedral.



THE COLONIAL BANK VAULTS WHERE A MILLION DOLLARS WAS DESTROYED — The only public bank in the city was the Colonial, in which five million francs ($1,000,000) in money, and paper calling for money, was burned up. There were eight private banks, but their business was small, mainly confined to handling the business of planters. The majority of the people of St. Pierre had very little use for banks. They kept their savings in their houses or sent it away to Paris. There were no safe deposit vaults in St. Pierre, and most of the private safes in stores and houses were of wood, bound with iron bands. In these safes it is estimated there were between three and seven million francs ($600,000 and $1,400,000) in Martinique colonial currency and gold. The value of merchandise destroyed is estimated to have been ten million francs ($2,000,000), including products ready for export — sugar, rum, bread fruits, cocoa and dye-woods.

THE BARRACKS, ST. PIERRE—Here a thousand men were quartered under command of a colonel, enrolled as colonial soldiery but doing gendarme duty. The photograph was taken on a fête day when a traveling aeronaut was arranging a balloon ascension from the courtyard. The barracks stood on a sightly spot back toward the hills, and not far away was the military hospital. Not a trace of them was left after the eruption that would indicate to a stranger what sort of a building it had been whose ruins he was looking at. Lt.-Col. Gerhault, who was in command, perished with his men.

HEAP OF DEAD UNDER THE CONVENT WALLS—"Not a sound was heard from that vast, hideous, dull-gray amphitheatre of death," writes the *London Mail* man. "But the breeze bore a horrible, nauseating odor which it is impossible to describe or forget. It was only on landing, however, that we fully realized the extent of this most gigantic of the world's misfortunes. Everywhere dead bodies met the sight, muscular negroes, delicate women, tender children, twisted into shapes of undescribable agony. Most were with their faces downward to the ground as though they had been stricken instantly. In many places tens and scores of victims could be counted in a single mass of intermingled bodies, eloquently telling stories of awful death and mad panic."

THE CONVENT GATES AND THE HOSPITAL CLOCK THAT STOPPED AT 7:50 O'CLOCK — Beyond the gates of the convent, where the young girls of the best families of Martinique received their education, still stands the façade of the hospital and in its gable is the clock whose hands stayed at 7:50 o'clock to mark forever the hour of doom when the heavy hand of death smote the fated city. The hospital was large and well appointed. Its wards contained two hundred beds. But the destruction is complete. Some warped and twisted cots are to be seen in the ruins but fire has mercifully, utterly destroyed all signs of the human agony that closed the career of the House of Mercy.

AMERICANS FROM U. S. S. "POTOMAC" SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD—Lt. McCormick U. S. N., commanding the U. S. Tug "Potomac," which was hurried from San Juan, Porto Rico, to aid in rescue, on one trip took Mr. Paravicino, the Italian Consul at Barbados, to St. Pierre to find the body of his daughter. Around the ruined house where she was visiting the scene of destruction was the worst in St. Pierre. All about lay charred bodies, hundreds of them in a terrible state. The search was successful, but the sight was heartrending when the father found his dead daughter. Reverently the American hospital assistants laid the corpse in a coffin and bore it away to the ship.

W. C. HARRIS,
Photographer.

LOUIS SEIBOLD,
Special Correspondent

CORRESPONDENTS IN THE RUINS—Mt. Pelee had been quiet but the new crater was belching clouds of vapor and volcanic dust when Loui Seibold, respondent, and W. C. Harris, the photographer, first penetrated the ruined city with their guide. They were heavily booted, with faces protected as much as possible from the terrifying odors by cloths saturated with camphor, and heads sheltered under great, wide-brimmed hats. The heat was terrific, a ship's thermometer registering 102 degrees Fahrenheit. They had continually to climb over the débris of rocks, wires and iron work and tramp through the dust that in some places reached above the ankles, with horrible sights on every hand.

U. S. CONSUL LOUIS H. AYME—Consul Ayme at Gaudeloupe is a graduate of Columbia University, class of 1874 and was a Chicago newspaper man not many years ago. He made a most efficient agent for the distribution of the government relief supplies sent in the "Longfellow," the U. S. S. "Sterling," the U. S. S. "Dixie" and the U. S. Tug "Potomac." He organized an efficient distributing system and was of the greatest service in aiding the refugees, in assisting the exploring and relief parties among the ruins. His reports on the kind, quality and quantity of relief stores required were exactly followed and his advice so speedily accepted when he cabled, that four month's supplies were on hand at Fort de France inside of a fortnight. He made himself ill by overwork and has been ordered to the United States to recuperate.

FERDINAND CLERE, THE ONLY MAN WHO ESCAPED FROM ST. PIERRE—Ferdinand Clere a wealthy planter is the only man who heeded the warning when Mt. Pelee "barked," and without hesitation fled the city. "I had mules hitched to my carriage," he says, "and prepared to leave with my wife and four children. I advised all my friends to follow my example, but they laughed at my fears. I passed the residence of United States Consul Prentis and advised him to leave St. Pierre at once. He laughed and waved his hand to me as he said: 'There is no danger and no reason to be afraid.' When we reached Morne Rouge I heard a tremendous noise in the direction of Mont Pelee. I turned and saw a gray cloud burst from the volcano. Mont Pelee seemed to tumble down on the town I had just left, and I saw it was doomed. A wave of fire swept down the mountain and engulfed St. Pierre. The whole thing did not last more than two minutes."

POLICE STATION WHERE THE SENTRY WITH A RIFLE WAS FOUND—At the police station were very many dead bodies. All were lying face downwards, and it seemed as if they must have been killed as they were in the act of running and trying to escape from the fiery tornado. There, too, was to be seen the body of a sentry charred and blackened, but still holding the barrel of his rifle in his skeleton hand. The stock and strap had been burned away. The bodies here were all charred like so many sticks of charcoal. Such as could be gathered together were cremated on the spot. The black blotches in the photograph are parts of blackened bodies.

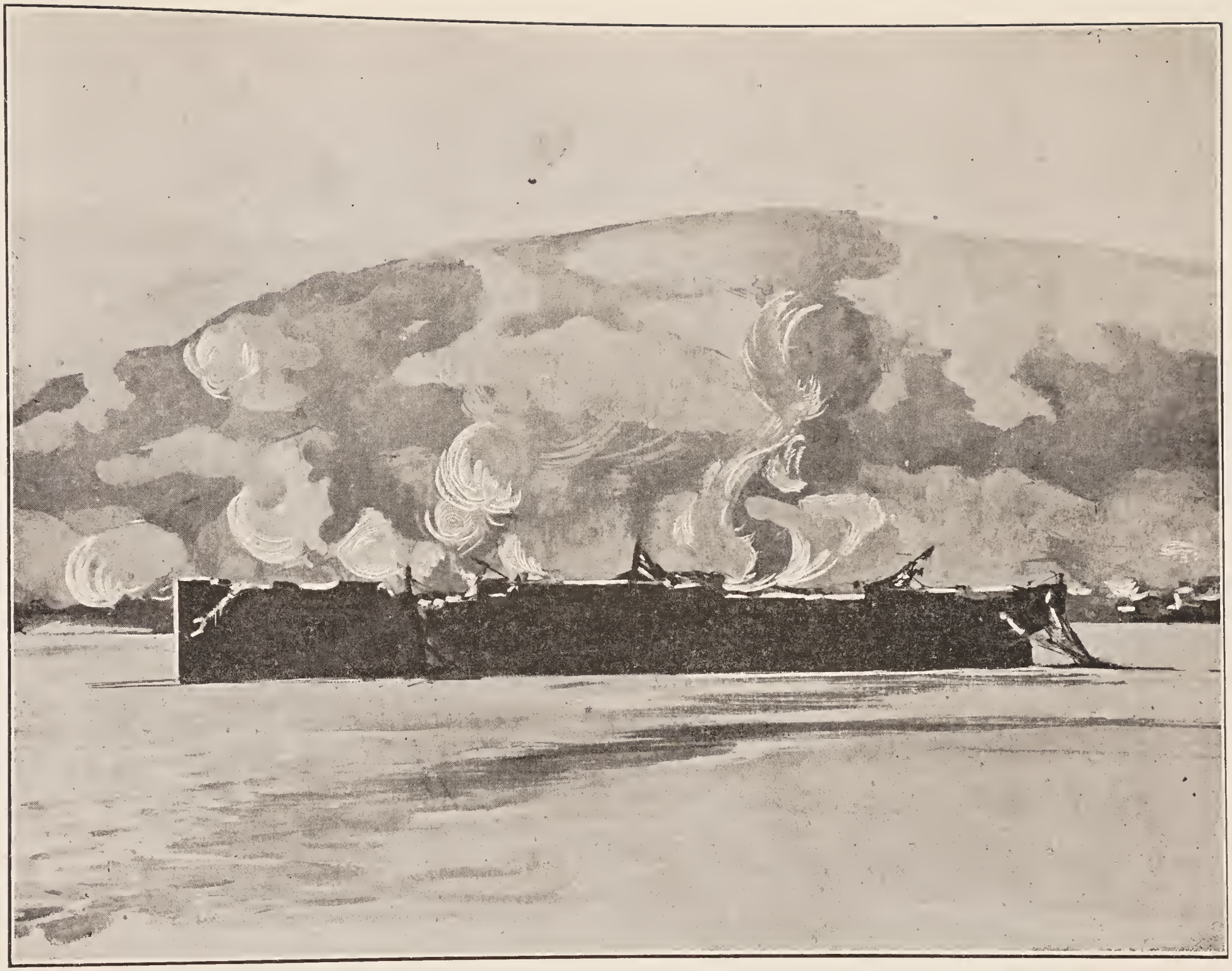
ST. PIERRE FROM THE SEA — Here is Lafcadio Hearn's first impression of St. Pierre from his book *Two Years in the French West Indies*: "The semi-circular sweep of the harbor, dominated by the eternally veiled summit of the Montagne Pelee (misnamed since it is green to the very clouds) from which the land slopes down on either side to the sea by gigantic undulations, is one of the fairest sights that the human eye can gaze upon. The city of St. Pierre, on the edge of the land, looks as if it had slid down the hill behind it, so strangely do the streets come tumbling to the port in cascades of masonry,—with a red billowing of tiled roofs over all, and enormous palms poking up through it,—higher even than the creamy-white twin towers of its Cathedral."

THE FRENCH CRUISER "SUCHET" — Capt. Pierre Lebris, commander of the handsome French man-of-war "Suchet," won the highest praise for his vigor, courage, judgment and skill displayed after the disaster. The "Suchet" lay in the harbor of Fort de France. Some small event had disarranged the plans whereby the cruiser should have taken a party of officials to St. Pierre early in the morning; so the cruiser escaped the fate of the "Roraima" or the "Roddam." When the news was received the captain hastened to the relief, and reached St. Pierre at 2 P. M., but found it impossible to land as the whole city was burning fiercely. He saved that day a few from the blazing ships, and about two thousand from above and below the city — the beginning of a glorious record. He reported simply: "I saw no living creature in St. Pierre to which it was impossible to penetrate. There were numerous corpses near the quay."

THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "DIXIE," LOADING RELIEF STORES—The United States cruiser "Dixie" was promptly loaded at her dock in Brooklyn with Government stores and tons of food, clothing, disinfectants, and hospital stores generously contributed by the public. When the "Dixie" left port she had on board 65,375 pounds of bacon, 171,100 pounds of codfish, 982,200 pounds of rice, 214,300 pounds of hard bread, 85,000 pounds of flour, 3,024 pounds of baking powder, 1,440 two-pound cans of currant jelly, 16,000 pounds of coffee, 4,000 pounds of tea, 80,000 pounds of sugar, 516 gallons of vinegar, 4,000 pounds of salt, 250 pounds of pepper, 6,160 pounds of ham, 4,800 cans condensed milk, 4,800 cans evaporated cream, 2,400 cans chicken soup, and 2,400 cans of beef soup. The total estimated value was $69,403.95. Captain R. M. Berry, United States Navy, in command of the "Dixie," had as guests Prof. Jaggers, of Harvard University, Dr. E. O. Hovey, of the American Museum of Natural History, Dr. Borchgrevink, the Antartic explorer, and Mr. Hy. Leonard, an artist, and a score of the prominent scientists and newspaper men.

SEARCH PARTY ORGANIZED IN PLACE BERTIN—This is the center of the market place, or the Place Bertin, north of the Prado and back of the signal tower. The large circular piece of iron was a beautiful fountain when St. Pierre was full of life and happiness. The iron fence that protected it still stands in part. Here was found the body of a woman with an earthen jar evidently stricken down while getting a jar of water for her house. On the left as the photograph was taken a score of men from Fort de France were being told off to make a thorough search of a section of the ruined city.

MT. PELEE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN MAY 12th. — At this time the volcano, though smoking, was comparatively quiet. Photographs were obtained only with great difficulty after many failures. Daring guides learned on the 15th, that a new crater had formed, and now seven are known to exist on the mountain. All are visible. The volcano when coaxed to sit for its photograph was steadily belching smoke, but a favorable wind bore the dense masses to the southeast. At night there is much lightning, though what appears to be lightning may be the oxydization of the gases thrown up from the bowels of the earth with the smoke. On the night of May 14th, twelve points of fire were counted near the summit, and all Morne Rouge (a suburb of St. Pierre) was illuminated. Rain of cinders fell at Basse Pointe and boiling mud in a stream 500 yards wide flowed down the bed of the Rivierre Blanche.



THE BLAZING WRECK OF THE "RORAIMA" — The steamer "Roraima" was burning fiercely a quarter of a mile off the landing place, the day after the destruction of St. Pierre, for she carried much kerosene oil in her cargo. Mrs. H. Merrill of New York, a passenger on the "Korona" took a snapshot of the wreck from the deck of the "Korona" and from that little photograph the above enlargement was made. On Sunday when the "Solent" arrived the boat was still burning. She lay at her anchor with a heavy list to starboard, great columns of black smoke pouring out of her fore and aft. Masts, smokestacks, bridge, everything above the main deck, had been swept or burned away by the fire blast. Fire was still raging in the cargo and coal bunkers, for the ship's iron plates were warped and bulged and red hot, and as the waves washed up against them they hissed and sizzled and sent up steam.

RUINS OF AN OVEN IN A BAKE SHOP ON RUE BOUILLE — This photograph was taken in the ruins of a bake shop in the Rue Bouille south of the Cathedral. Iron and earthenware pots and dishes were lying about unbroken but blackened by fire and smoke. In one of the two ovens is the body of a man. He was lying on his back with one leg drawn up slightly, the left arm bent toward his head, and the right outstretched,—a remarkably natural posture. The body was charred but the features were distinguishable. The baker must have hurriedly climbed into his cold oven for refuge till the force of the death blast had passed, and there he perished.

RUINS OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE—The Hotel de Ville (City Hall) was one of the finest buildings architecturally in St. Pierre. Well built, the walls stood the shock of the death blast when others crumbled. But the interior was gutted by the flames that followed. A careful search was made for a City Directory of St. Pierre or some official documents that might reveal the names, numbers and other details concerning the people of St. Pierre but there was not a book or sheet of paper of any kind save a few charred scraps that could not be deciphered. In the residences and offices of the American Consul, Mr. Prentis; the British Consul, Mr. Jaff, and the Italian Consul, there were no papers, though the officers and marines of the American, French, English and Dutch warships have made exhaustive searches.

MT. PELEE AT PEACE—"A hundred views might certainly be made," wrote Lafcadio Hearn a dozen years ago of Mt. Pelee, "for the enormous mass is omnipresent to dwellers in the northern part of the island and can be seen from the heights of the most southern mornes. It is visible from almost any part of St. Pierre—which nestles in a fold of its rocky skirts. It overlooks all the island ranges and overtops the mighty Pitons of Carbet by a thousand feet. You can only lose sight of it by entering a gorge or journeying into the valleys of the South. . . . Is the great volcano dead? . . . Nobody knows. Less than forty years ago it rained ashes all over the roofs of St. Pierre; within twenty years it has uttered mutterings. For the moment it appears to sleep."

MT. PELEE AGAIN IN ERUPTION—«The window of hell,» as the frightened people of Martinique have come to call the crater of Mont Pelee, was open wide when Mr. Seibold made the second attempt to explore the horrors of St. Pierre. Great clouds of the saffron-hued dust that covered everything living and dead ascended in a golden sift under the dazzling sun and fell in a dark brown or grayish shower as it came nearer the stricken earth below. At the level of the St. Pierre quays the shower became simply heavy gray-blue, but when it had finally settled on the walls and in the streets, covering up the dead humans and living rodents and animals that had come to prey upon the bodies of the victims of Pelee's wrath, it was gray again—gray shot with streaks of pale orange and of a decidedly sulphuric smell.

A VILLA AT MORNE ROUGE—An hour's drive from St. Pierre and a thousand feet above the sea is the village of Morne Rouge. It was a health resort full of the country villas of the wealthy merchants and sugar makers of St. Pierre. Such villas of the bungalow type as are pictured in the lower photograph were scattered about like glittering gems in the bright flower-set foliage. The interior of one of these villas is shown in the upper photograph; it is very like that of a modest summer cottage in the States, with sheathed pine walls, the hanging-lamp with its pendants, the piano and the inevitable rocking chair. And Morne Rouge, too, was a place of pilgrimage, everywhere were crosses, wayside chapels and little shrines. Fourteen were set beside one climbing way—a task even for the stoutest-hearted devotee.

RICHMOND HOUSE IN RUINS—Richmond House, the manor house of a large estate growing sugar cane and arrowroot, stood on a high bluff overlooking Richmond village now buried. When Mr. Leonard and the party of scientists reached the spot they surprised two negroes looting. The ground was covered two feet thick with ashes. The tropical rains falling in torrents had packed the ashes down and cut furrows in them down to the soil.

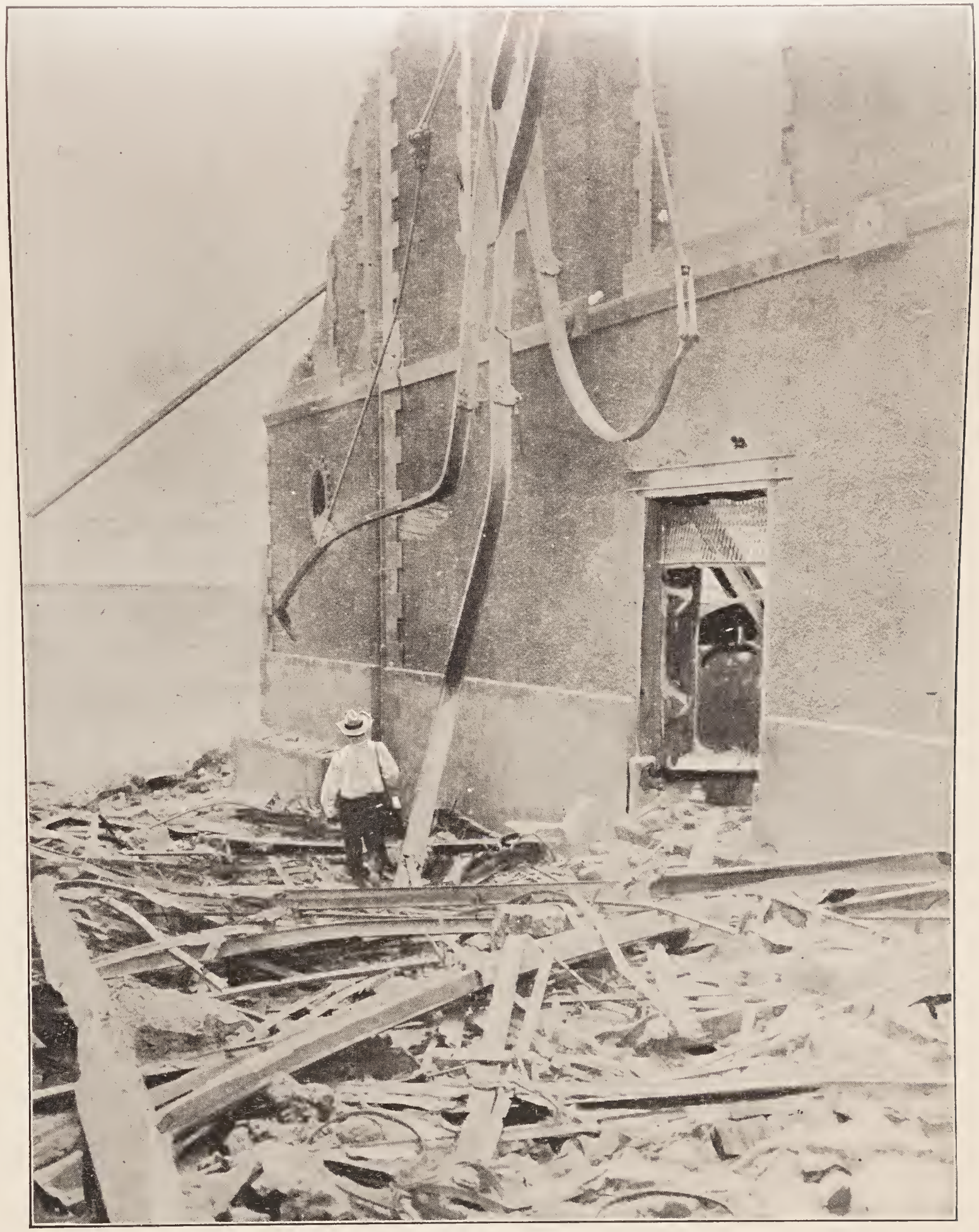
The photograph above, taken by Mr. Leonard, shows very distinctly the depth of the ashes where the running water had cut its little channels. The manager of the estate and his family heeded the warnings preceding the eruption of May 8th and escaped. Wallabou estate opposite Richmond sank under the sea.

MORNE ROUGE STREET SCENE—Morne Rouge is a suburb of St. Pierre containing a few thousand people. Though nearer Mt. Pelee it escaped entirely the first eruption, because it lay outside the path of the fiery blast. Carbet, Le Precheur and Maconba were annihilated and Basse Pointe and Grande Rivierre also suffered. The parish priest at Morne Rouge has succored hundreds of refugees and his aid and assistance have been invaluable to the exploring parties of American scientists and newspaper correspondents. Many wealthy St. Pierre merchants had beautiful country villas in this delightful suburb.

RELIEF SOUGHT FROM THE "LONGFELLOW" — At every cable station touched at by the steamship "Longfellow," which was the first steamer to reach Martinique from the United States, people pleaded to be taken to Fort de France. They offered ten times the regular passage price and their importunities were so pathetic it was hard to refuse their requests. Exceptions were made in several instances because of the pitiful conditions of many of the men and women who made the requests, even though their mission was certain to be fruitless. Half a dozen of the foremost citizens of the towns of Castries and Souffriere in the English island of St. Lucia, were brought to Fort de France by this boat.

One photograph shows how a landing is now made at St. Pierre; the second is a group of natives; the third, the steamer "Longfellow," and the fourth is a snap shot of two French priests returning from the hospital.

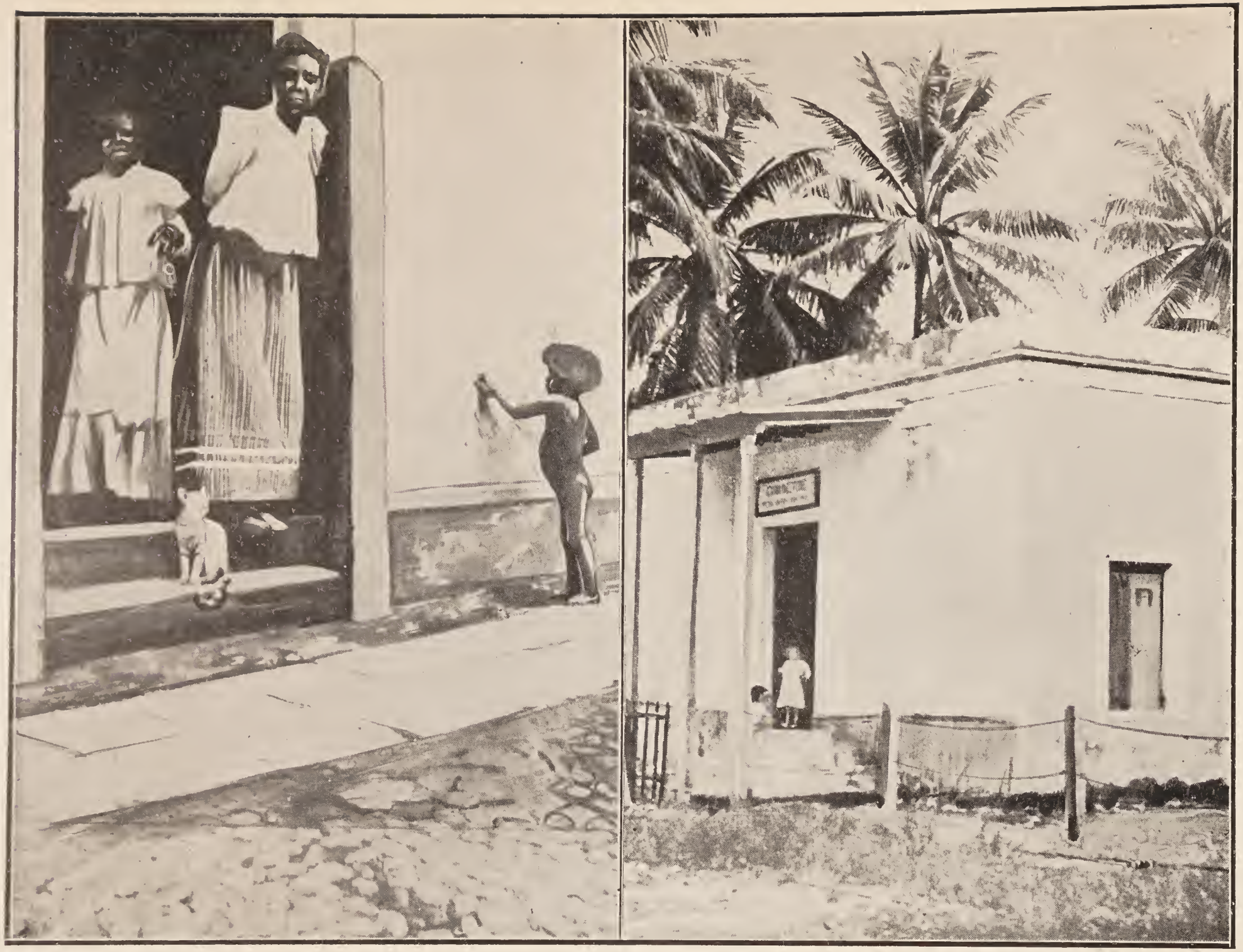
LOOTERS—As a New York correspondent was starting on a trip through the devastated country with Ferdinand Clere, who fled from St. Pierre the morning of the catastrophe, they met two French soldiers on horseback driving to jail three negro looters, handcuffed together, who had been caught red-handed in the ruins of St. Pierre. The soldiers stopped and the correspondent took the photograph printed above. Mr. Clere in a gray coat and white trousers stands in the center, the three looters to the left. Looting was common. Safes were broken open and by the freaks of fire and explosion so common, many valuables were left exposed. Even the dead were robbed, for the Martinique women were very fond of jewelry. In three days eighty-five looters were arrested in St. Pierre; of these, eleven were women. All were sentenced to prison; the men for five years, the women for three. The people attacked and tried to lynch the looters while being taken to jail, but the gendarmes drew their revolvers and drove them off. The soldiers shot many, but the shootings were hushed up.



THE SIDE WALL OF THE CATHEDRAL—In the lower part of the town the only ruin that, since the second eruption, rises above the second story is the Cathedral. The towers were strong and bearing much of the cyclopean force of the death blast, part of the walls stood with them. Stone blocks, pilasters and unrecognizable masses of masonry are tumbled about. At the eastern end, cushioned in ashes, rests the shattered marble altar. The dust is eight inches deep on it. Brush the broken doors a bit and the carvings disclose praying angels. To the right of the main entrance a poor box still clung to the wall. In the presence of a French soldier a correspondent battered it open. A hat full of blackened five-centime pieces tinkled down on the stones.

THE FRONT OF THE WRECKED CATHEDRAL — The twin white spires of the Cathedral formed the chief landmark of the city of St. Pierre to the ship captains. The Cathedral had a striking position with a small plaza in front of it and the chief buildings of the city were situated within a radius of a few blocks. Above each square tower rose a slender well-designed spire. Of this there is not now a trace left. One of the square towers of solid masonry withstood the cyclopean shock that razed the town, and still stands the only landmark of the City of the Dead, first to greet the sailor's eyes. All the beautiful façade above the main entrance is gone.

THE THEATRE RUINS SHELTERED THE DEAD— Under the shadows of the crumbled walls of the little theatre, within a space of fifteen feet, Mr. Louis Seibold, *The World* correspondent, found twenty-six bodies jammed in an angle of two walls, the postures and entanglement of limbs giving evidence of what must have been a terrible fight for breath and escape from the death-laden gases and showers of ashes and dust. Some of the bodies were those of women and children, and all negroes apparently from the size and shape of their heads, but most of the bodies were those of men. The men had apparently died while trying to shelter the women and children. Behind the heavy iron-girded door of the theatre was the body of a woman, the clothing all burned away, but holding in her left hand the stump of a broom handle as if she had been trailing it along the ground. The picture on the left is that of the clocktower of the Fort Church which was razed to the ground.



A LE PRESCHEUR HOUSE AND FAMILY — Falling stones, ashes, fire and steam caused great destruction along the coast north of St. Pierre. Grande Rivierre, a coast village nearly nineteen miles north of the city, suffered severely. Le Prescheur, a fishing village a few miles north of St. Pierre, was partly destroyed by fire and the few remaining inhabitants gathered on the shore and piteously begged of passing steamers to be taken away. Some walked over the ash-covered hills to St. Pierre. The whole northern part of the island was threatened with even greater damage and the population was in full flight even venturing out to sea in frail canoes in order to reach Dominica forty miles to the north. Many were capsized and drowned.

LE PRESCHEUR REFUGEES ON THE PLACE BERTIN—When the tug "Longfellow" drew near St. Pierre on Sunday, May 18th, a party of ragged refugees were seen on the shore in what was the Place Bertin by the broken signal tower. Their leader had a French flag on a stick and was waving it furiously. As soon as a landing was made the photographer took the panoramic photograph of them printed above. In the party were thirty-five men and women with four or five children. All were from Le Prescheur and had painfully walked down along the shore. They begged to be taken off and carried to Fort de France, but this could not be done. They were supplied with food and water and directed to the overland trail that led to Fort de France.

The lower photograph shows the party bearing the few household treasures they had saved and their rations on their heads as they started from the ruined city.

TYPES OF THE SERVANTS, ONE OF WHOM LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO TELL HER STORY—A dispatch from Fort de France states a servant named Laurent, who was employed by a family in St. Pierre, was among the survivors who were taken to the hospital at Fort de France. The physicians did everything in their power to save the life of the woman, but she was horribly burned and their efforts were in vain. Despite her injuries she was conscious. She said that she was going about her duties as usual Thursday morning, May 8th, when suddenly she heard a terrific explosion. She was so badly frightened that she fainted, and while in this condition she was fearfully burned. She remained unconscious some time but ultimately recovered her senses. She then saw two members of the family in which she was employed who were still alive, both frightfully burned. They died before assistance could reach them. The woman stated that she had no further knowledge of the catastrophe, and shortly after telling her story she died.

WAYSIDE SHRINE AND THE LOWER MARKET PLACE, ST. PIERRE — St. Pierre, stretched out along the crescent of its shallow bay and hemmed in between hills and the strand, had two market places,— one in the Place Bertin near the landing, the other, the lower Market Place in the south end of the city. The latter is shown in the lower right hand photograph. Trees shaded it and buildings shut it on the landward side. To the left may be seen Senator Knight's sugar factory. Mr. Knight had the Sunday before the disaster been re-elected to the French senate. He was not in the city when the disaster happened but he lost many relatives. Hereabout were the rum distilleries, the ice-making plants and the electric light station, whose huge coal piles were brightly burning for days after the catastrophe. On the left is shown one of the very many wayside shrines before which bodies of victims were found kneeling in prayer.

THE EAST TOWN (ST. PIERRE) FROM THE TERRACE — The upper part of St. Pierre rising on the slope of the hillside was the newer and better built quarter and was called the East Town. To the left is the Campanile of the Fort Church with its clock tower. Next to it is the convent, and further to the right, the college of St. Louis. Round about were the city residences of the wealthy, bright with gardens, gay with flowers. The city was famed for its hospitality. Here M. Leon Marie gave a grand entertainment in honor of his daughter and her convent school friend, Signorina Paravacino, daughter of the Italian Consul at Barbados, the night before the disaster. Now this is a bare hillside and of M. Marie's mansion only the foundation remains.

MORNE ROUGE AND ITS CHURCH — This suburb of St. Pierre by its position escaped the destroying blast of fire. Here was a convent of the Order de la Deliverance. The sisters, twenty-three in all, Creoles and white, escaped. Sister Marie L'Infant Jesus tells this story: " We were in deadly fear for our lives, and for two days and nights stayed in the church of Notre Dame De La Deliverance, praying. When the mountain began rumbling and the smoke came on the morning of the catastrophe, Father Marie celebrated mass at six; Father Bruno celebrated second mass at seven-thirty o'clock. It was hardly over before the people of the town began flocking in terror to the church. We emerged to see a terrible cloud, accompanied by thunder and lightning, rolling down Pelee, almost over our heads, upon the city of St. Pierre. The whole place was lighted up by fires. It was the most awful spectacle the human eye ever witnessed. We thought the end of the world had come. We remained at prayer all that day of terror. Fire, steam and boiling mud were all around us, yet Morne Rouge was not touched. Not one person was lost or harmed. We remained with the father helping people get away over a back road on the mountain's windward side to Fort de France. Then we walked all the way ourselves. Finally, on May 20th, the father and the last four sisters left by order of the French officials. We removed all sacred vessels and sought safety at Grande Anse. Ten of our sisterhood perished at St. Pierre; all of the others are safe here."

THE RUE BOUILLE, ST. PIERRE — The first street from the Place Bertin that ran from the water front the length of St. Pierre was the Rue Bouille. The street beyond,— the famous Rue Victor Hugo — was the fashionable thoroughfare, but here in the Rue Bouille were most of the people's shops. Shaded from the tropical sun by awnings, the small shop windows were bright in color matching the ebb and flow of color in the street. And the people! black, brown and yellow, bare backs, bare shoulders, bare legs, arms and feet, showing every shade below the gay Madras turbans. All were vigorous and graceful, no sickly faces were to be seen, no scrawny limbs. The men might have stood for models of anatomy, absolutely devoid of adipose tissue, every muscle standing out wonderfully.

ST. PIERRE WILL NEVER BE REBUILT—Pelee thundered again on Sunday, May 18th, and sent tons upon tons of ashes and dust pouring down upon St. Pierre covering up everything in sight and completing the wreck it had created on May 8th. The shower of dust and ashes, precisely the same in quality as that which destroyed St. Pierre and its thirty-four thousand inhabitants on that day, was even heavier and mercifully covered up the horrors of Pelee's wrath from the vision of man. It was then that the French government decreed that St. Pierre, Martinique, was officially obliterated from the face of the earth and should not rise again.

The upper panorama shows the ruins about the Hotel de Ville, the heart of the city, and the lower panorama looks eastward from the Rue Victor Hugo.

AMERICAN GEOLOGISTS STUDYING THE VOLCANIC PHENOMENA—The government courteously gave quarters and transportation on the U. S. S. "Dixie" to a score or more scientists, magazine writers and newspaper correspondents. The scientists made daring attempts to reach every possible position whence the varied volcanic phenomena could be studied, and made expeditions to the craters and along the boiling rivers that seemed even foolhardy in their daring. Notable among them were those whose photographs are given above: (1) Prof. Robert T. Hill, Cornell '86, of the United States Geological Survey; (2) Prof. Thomas A. Jaggers, professor of geology at Harvard; (3) Prof. I. C. Russell, New York University '72, professor of geology at the University of Michigan; (4) Dr. E. Otis Hovey, Yale '84, associate curator geological department of the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The central picture shows three of them in the field in St. Vincent.

WALLABOU RIVER BED FULL OF BOILING MUD—Dr. Hovey, Prof. Russell and Henry Leonard, the special correspondent and photographer, went by boat to the Richmond and Wallabou country. On the shore tall jets of steam spouted up from holes varying from the size of one's fist to that of a barrel. The ground was covered many feet deep with ashes. They stopped amazed on the south bank of the Wallabou a hundred feet above the river. The river bed was choked with ashes and steaming mud. Beyond, the Wallabou was cutting a new channel. Every few minutes, with a loud roar, an immense wall of hot water rushed down the river bed and poured into the sea. It left volumes of steam rising all along the channel. Far to the east a gigantic column of steam would rise for ten minutes, die down and rise again. The little party tried to reach it but traveling was too dangerous.

FORT DE FRANCE FROM THE HARBOR — This city was St. Pierre's only rival. It is eighteen miles south on the west coast with a good harbor which the French have made a naval base and fortified with three forts. In the fortnight following the eruption ashes and stones repeatedly fell thickly in the town and tidal waves threatened the shipping. This was the center for relief work. Here the United States cruisers "Dixie" and "Cincinnati," the United States tug "Potomac," *The World's* special boat "Longfellow," The New York Chamber of Commerce's steamer "Madiana," the British and French vessels all landed their supplies. On one day forty relief vessels were in the harbor. Normally the population of Fort de France is twelve thousand but the number rose to twenty-five thousand when the refugees rushed in. Eight or ten thousand, however, left by steamers for the other islands within a fortnight.

CATHEDRAL SQUARE, FORT DE FRANCE—This, the capital of this island, was not safe from the flowing volcano twenty miles away. Scientists said that it could not be smothered in lava but when the mountain belched forth fire and smoke, and lightning flashed incessantly and in huge bolts in the dark pall, panic seized the townspeople. In the fortnight after the eruption at times ashes and small stones fell for hours while the air was full of sulphur fumes. Seven thousand people left the city in three days seeking safety. Many times the whole population, in sudden alarm, spent the night in the streets. Business was utterly ruined.

The photographs give two views of the heart of the city, Cathedral Square.

L. of C.

SEEKING AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE, FORT DE FRANCE, TO LEARN THE FATE OF RELATIVES—Hundreds of persons living in adjacent islands who had relatives among the people of St. Pierre made their way to Fort de France to seek information about them, only to fail. The few persons who lived in the neighborhood of St. Pierre and survived to tell the tale all came directly to Fort de France. The very first thing these survivors did was to cable assurance to their relatives that they were safe. Just eight cablegrams of this character were sent out of Fort de France. The persons who sent them did not live in the city of St. Pierre, but in the country district. One rich Parisian has spent a fortune in cable tolls—the rate being more than $2.50 a word—trying to determine the fate of a brother. He has cabled an offer of $5,000 to anyone finding the body of his relative and forwarding it to Paris. No trace of the missing man could be found by a squadron of French Infantry which searched the ruins of the house in St. Pierre in which he lived.

NEGRO REFUGEES SAVED BY THE "VALKYRIEN" — The Captain of the Danish cruiser "Valkyrien," in telling of the rescue of refugees on the Sunday after the disaster, says: "Some of the negroes came out to us in small boats; they were nearly naked. Some of them were laughing, while others were crying. Some of them carried chairs with them, while others brought dogs and kittens as all their property. Their woolly hair was thick with ashes. Several big pans on board our ship were filled with cooked food and placed on deck; they were soon surrounded by a crowd of chattering natives. The negroes were all saved by 4 o'clock in the afternoon, except a few who refused to leave the land. At this hour the 'Suchet' signaled: 'The operation is over; thank you.' The 'Suchet' then steamed away in the direction of Fort de France. But our boats had not yet all returned to the ship; we were still waiting for the last one, when there was a tremendous report from the crater of Mont Pelee, quickly followed by a second report. These explosions caused great excitement on shore, and our last boat returned to us bringing the remainder of the negroes, including those who had previously refused to leave. They had been frightened by the reports, and jumping into the sea, had swam out to the boat."

THE ROYAL PALMS SURROUNDING THE STATUE OF THE EMPRESS—The Savane, the great, green public square of Fort de France, has a romantic interest the world over for here stands the wonderful marble memory of the Martinique-born Empress of the French. Nine royal palms guard the beautiful statue in state. Not far away is the little cottage where Josephine was born. Here is the tomb of her mother. Here an old negress told Josephine she would marry a king but die in a hospital. Napoleon raised her to the throne and she died at Malmaison. Here at sixteen she married M. Beauharnais and after an unhappy married life in Paris, it was here, to her old island home, that she returned in 1788 with her daughter Hortense, who later became Queen of Holland and mother of the Emperor Napoleon III. After three happy years she returned to Paris, and the rest is history.

THE STATUE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE—"I went to look at the white dream of her there, a creation of master sculptors. . . . It seemed to me absolutely lovely," writes Lafcadio Hearn of the statue of the Creole-born Empress at Fort de France. "Sea winds have beaten it, tropical rains have streaked it. And yet such is the human charm of the figure that you almost fancy you are gazing at a living presence when you look straight up into the sweet Creole face. You can believe she lives; all the wonderful West Indian charm of the woman is there. Over violet space of summer sea, through the vast splendor of azure light she is looking back to the place of her birth, back to beautiful drowsy Trois-Islets,—and always with the same half-dreaming, half-plaintive smile, unutterably touching."

FLOCKING TO FORT DE FRANCE— Refugees from the sea-coast towns along the edge of the devastated northern part of Martinique flocked on foot, on horseback, in carts, in canoes, in sailboats, in relief steamers to this city. They cared only to get away from the wrath to come, and brought only what they could carry,—the first things their hands touched. Here they were fed and clothed by the generosity of strangers, and mostly by the quickly sent and lavishly given aid of the Americans. Nearly all were negroes and few had anything, but the cheapest and scantiest clothing and household goods.

The upper photograph shows a deserted native hut in the direction of Pelee; and in the lower the photographer caught a snapshot of a negro bringing his family into Fort de France in a native oxcart.

LEAVING THE ACCURSED ISLAND (WHARF SCENE FORT DE FRANCE)—"We don't want food; we only want to leave!" was the single cry of all the terror-stricken refugees at Fort de France, rich and poor alike. M. Labat, senior town councillor of Fort de France, took his entire family to Castries, St. Lucia, after Pelee, on the 19th, showered stones and ashes on Fort de France. "The scene was one of the wildest confusion," he said. "The panic-stricken people rushed from their houses, some to the mountains, but most to the jetties and along the beach. Whole families were there on their knees screaming forth appeals for boats to take them off to the steamships and away from the accursed island. Some of the men swam off. Mr. Kayliss, an English commercial man, reached a boat, indefatigable, clad only in his shirt, having cut adrift his other clothing to facilitate swimming."

THE CAFÉ OF THE GRAND HOTEL, FORT DE FRANCE—The undercurrent of incipient panic could only be felt by visiting the refugee station and watching the lines drawing rations, for other indications were seldom met. Yet citizens furtively followed the newspaper men into the cable office or the cafés to breathlessly inquire what was the latest news from the northern end of the island. Anxiety showed itself in the café of the Grand Hotel over the glasses of absinthe. The hushed crowds in the Cathedral appealed to the perceptions, and boatloads of Martiniquans leaving the long pier for St. Lucia and Dominica showed the panic as nothing else could. It was true that the shopping district on the Rue St. Louis showed its wonted aspect, that the street scenes were familiar ones. The groups of French officers and merchants in the outdoor cafés called for their white wine "Cocktails" nonchalantly. The Creole women passed through the streets with graceful carriage, their heads jaunty with the "mouchoirs" and their skirts gathered up at the hips. Yet button-hole the negro porter or the French soldier and the first words showed the keen anxiety and alarm dominating every thought in his mind.

THE CATHEDRAL AT FORT DE FRANCE—Even as St. Pierre so also Fort de France is dominated by its Cathedral. Its simple tower is singularly beautiful. Supported by graceful flying buttresses the bell tower rises and is crowned by an airy open spire whose fret work is clearly outlined against the green. Wherever one goes the spire of the Cathedral is the lodestar for his eyes; from the sea and harbor it is the landmark for the pilot. The sweetness of its chime of bells sounding the Angelus will never be forgotten by one who has had the good fortune to have heard them. There was held the memorial service for the dead at St. Pierre, and priests in relays prolonged the services for forty-eight hours, and at every hour the Cathedral was filled with broken-hearted mourners.

RELIEF SUPPLIES LANDED FROM THE "DIXIE" — The steam winches swung over to the lighters the relief supplies from the U. S. relief ship "Dixie" as fast as the jackies could break them out from the hold. A Fort de France tug puffing like mad towed the lighters up to the landing place where a French sentry in a huge, white sun helmet stood guard over the stores. Barrels and boxes were put on hand-cars and wheeled on a narrow gauge railway down the narrow, balcony-shaded streets to the storehouses where brawny negroes stacked them up lively under the spur of American petty officers' commands. The negroes had taken time by the forelock and, with utter disregard for their suffering fellows, refused to unload the needed relief stores except for a considerable increase in pay.

REFUGEES AT THE SCHOOL BUILDING, FORT DE FRANCE—A large school building near the Hotel de Ville, Fort de France, was the central relief depot for the thousands of refugees who had flocked, terror-stricken from Pelee's pranks. It was large and barrack-like, but well suited for its purpose. Two hundred were sheltered here. It was full of color not merely from the black, brown, chocolate and yellow faces, but from the bright colors of the women's gowns and their gay turbans. In one room was the nursery where tottered and played and kicked and laughed and cried scores of pickaninnies, naked as when they were born. No relief clothing needed for them, thank you kindly. In the tree-shaded yard, food was prepared and the clothes washed.

The top photograph is a snapshot at a family that has just arrived, and the one below shows a dozen at dinner.

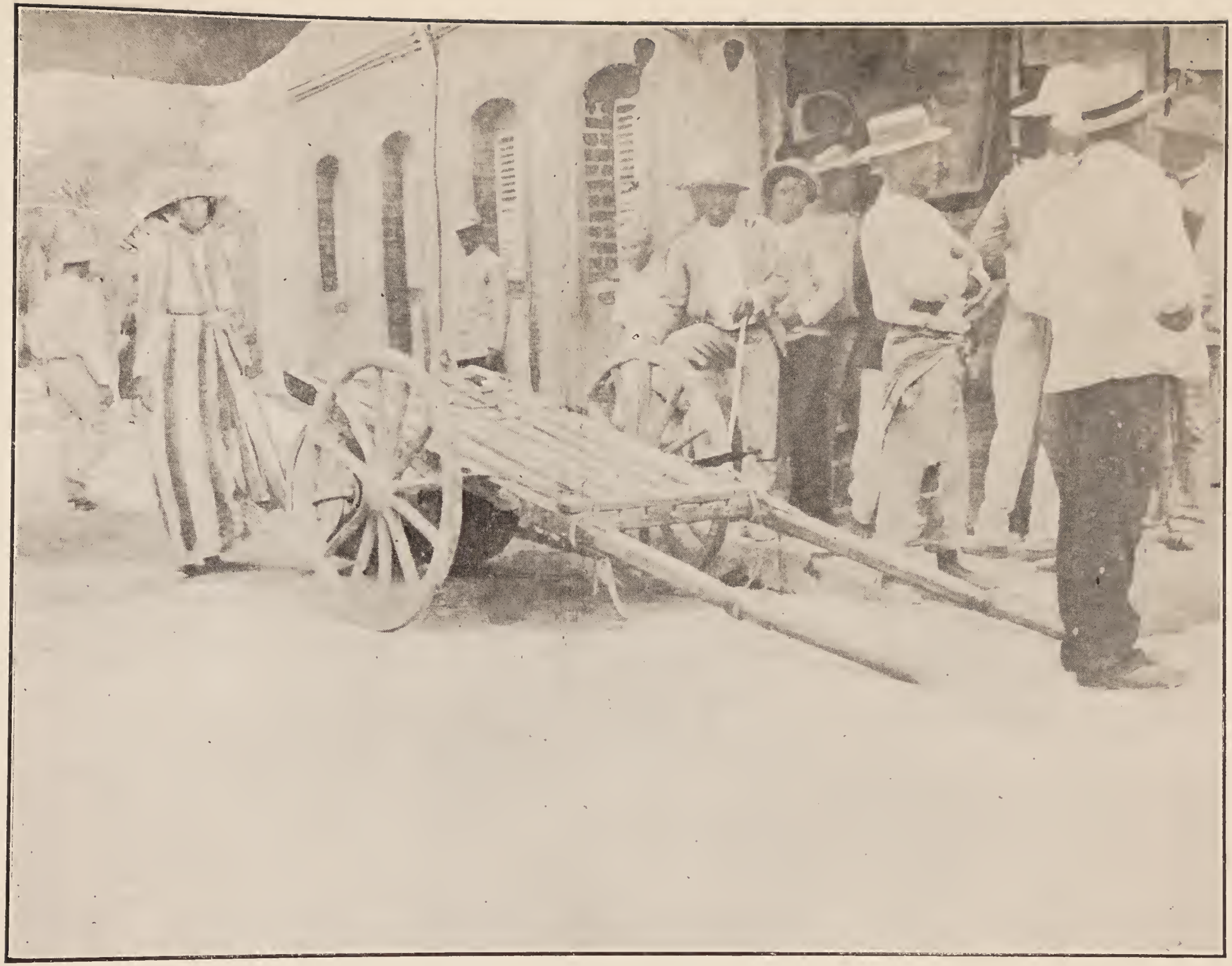
ALONG THE SHORE, FORT DE FRANCE — Urchins played in the shade and boatmen plied between ships and the landing in the harbor, but every soul in Fort de France has been on the sharp edge of anxiety. Pelee's great eruption two weeks after the destruction of St. Pierre, showered gray dust and small stones over the red-tiled roofs and in the streets. Even Josephine's statue had been dulled to the gray tint our battleships wore in the war with Spain. Small boys gathered the dust and sold it for a few sous a bottle. All without seemed to bear the pleasure-loving careless look of happier days. But enter the Cathedral and its dim aisles were seen to be filled morning, noon, and night with awed negroes. And in the water-front ships were daily crowded with refugees hastening to other and happier islands.

The panorama at the top shows the Rue de Bord du Mer; and that at the bottom, the water-front and landing place.

LA RUE DE BORD DU MER AND LA SAVANE, FORT DE FRANCE—The upper photograph shows the business street of Fort de France, la Rue de Bord du Mer, lined with two-story warehouses now well stocked with relief stores from the United States.

Below is given a panorama of the public park, La Savane, with its circle of royal palms guarding the statue of the Empress Josephine. By this park, in a low bungalow lives Gabriel L'Huerre, Governor of the Island since the death of Gov. Mouttet. He is a big, native mulatto who wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Though ashes fall on La Savane, he shrugs his heavy shoulders and says: "Ah, there is fear in Fort de France, but I have it not." And it is true that the ignorant people believe that the utter destruction of the island is certain.

REFUGEES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL AT FORT DE FRANCE DURING THE MEMORIAL SERVICES—Funeral services in memory of the victims of the St. Pierre disaster were held in Fort de France on Thursday, May 15th, a week after the catastrophe. The Cathedral was crowded. So full was it that the artist, though arriving early, had to be content with merely photographing the refugees who, like himself, could not get in and were compelled to stand in the main doorway. The audience displayed the greatest emotion. Notable among those present were officers of the French cruiser, "Suchet;" the German cruiser, "Falke;" the Danish warship, "Valkyrien;" and the United States steamer, "Potomac." The church was decked in mourning.



REFUGEES AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE, FORT DE FRANCE — A large schoolhouse furnished excellent quarters for many refugees at Fort de France. Here as elsewhere, applicants for rations had to give their names, tell whence they came, their age, how many survivors in their family, and tell stories that would stand examination. One member of a family was given the card that called for the family rations. On presenting the card, he or she received salt cod-fish, flour, rice meal and bananas for the whole family as registered on the card. The refugees grumbled continually about the quality and quantity of the rations served, and all showed the greatest disinclination to work.

REFUGEES SLEEPING IN THE OPEN AIR UNDER THE WALLS OF THE FORT—As accommodations at Fort de France are extremely limited, refugees and seekers after information were compelled to sleep in the parks, of which there are several picturesquely scattered throughout the town, or by the shore under the walls of the old fort. There is but one hotel and a bad one it is, the sanitary arrangements being of the most filthy description. The overcrowded condition of the city and the difficulty in securing facilities for reaching St. Pierre by either sea or land, for any amount of money, compelled many persons, who had traveled hundreds of miles, to seek refuge in the war and relief ships in the harbor. Failing to secure shelter there, they were driven to return to their homes in frail boats without the bodies of relatives, or even tangible evidence that they had perished at St. Pierre.

REFUGEES AFTER RATIONS AT THE MARKET, FORT DE FRANCE—This is a photograph of the entrance to the great iron shed that forms the open market at Fort de France. It was taken when the refugees from the volcano-devastated and threatened parts of the island were flocking thither for the rations that were freely distributed from the supply brought by the relief ship. The women were a picturesque lot. They have that stately carriage and beauty of form that comes only from bearing burdens on the head. They wore a simple garment not unlike an Empire gown made with a good deal of fullness and drawn up under the girdle so as to leave the limbs free. The gowns were of vivid hues, and the bright turbans and neckerchiefs proclaimed their passionate fondness for color.

REFUGEES AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE, FORT DE FRANCE—The center of the relief work at Fort de France was at the Hotel de Ville (the City Hall). Up the long walk from the entrance and along the front went an unending procession,—a thin line of refugees with baskets and pails easily balanced on their heads. At the end of one wing men and women were mingled, a knot of fifty—waiting their turns to draw rations. The guards within dealt out dried codfish, flour, biscuits, etc. The refugee passed an empty basket or pail through the window with his ticket, drew it back full and passed on. The sentry looked his power but had nothing to do. In the rear of the Hotel de Ville was another depot for rations in a long cow-shed. There was little talk, none of the old buzz, laughter and merriment. The crowd was quiet and subdued.

HOSPITAL AT FORT DE FRANCE—This photograph shows the interior of the hospital at Fort de France to which were taken the sailors and passengers who, on board the shipping in the roadstead, were the only survivors of the death blast that smote all the people of St. Pierre and took heavy toll of the ships at the anchorage. Here were taken the twenty-two officers and sailors of the Quebec steamship "Roraima," some only to die and others to gain strength in a fortnight to go home. Here little Margaret Stokes recovered, still guarded by her faithful nurse, Clara King, only to find that her mother and two little brothers were dead. The hospital occupies a beautiful site and from its wide vine-clad verandas a glorious view of the harbor is to be had.

THE OLD COMMISSARIAT HOUSE AT NEW EDINBORO, ST. VINCENT, AND REFUGEES—In the old commissariat house at New Edinboro, St. Vincent, two thousand refugees have been quartered since the first eruption of La Souffriere. The frame building is large and barn-like. Some attempt at privacy was made in the interior by hanging up muslin to make temporary partitions. The refugees, however, had to sleep on the bare wooden floor for they had no bedding. A babe that was born here had no cradle but the hard floor. A mother and her seven children had one muslin-walled room that measured about ten by four and a half feet. The photograph gives an excellent idea of the type of the St. Vincent refugees. Most of them had absolutely nothing but the thin rags on their backs.

THE TYPICAL REFUGEE

FRENCH COLONIAL SOLDIERS

FRENCH COLONIAL SOLDIERS AND REFUGEES—The negroes who make up the rank and file of the French colonial soldiery in Martinique are well built, well trained men, especially skilled in police work for they form the gendarmerie of the island. They worked well at the grisly duties demanded of them in the vast charnel-house of St. Pierre, cared for the dead, guarded property, and arrested many looters. In Fort de France, with its population doubled by refugees, many made reckless by loss and suffering, they kept order easily.

On the left is the photograph of a typical refugee. He has but a shirt, trousers and hat, and is one of ten thousand who poured into the capital with nothing but the clothes they wore and in need of everything else.

LEADER OF THE LE PRESCHEUR REFUGEES — The leader of the Le Prescheur refugees who were succored by the "Longfellow" obligingly sat, or rather squatted, for his picture The three pans filled with salt codfish and pilot bread explain the joy on his face, and the tin cup was too precious to be put down. A ragged shirt, ragged trousers rolled up on bare legs and a broad brimmed straw hat made up his entire costume. The women of the party had but a bodice, skirt and turban. Strung to a cord around the neck of each, as may be distinctly seen in the picture of the leader, was a bright colored print, a page from some sacred book. One wore a St. Joseph, another a Blessed Virgin, a third a picture of the Sacred Heart. Each was regarded with the greatest reverence as a protector that had not failed thus far through great dangers.

FLOWING LAVA—A rare photograph taken of flowing lava from Mauna Loa, Hawaii's famed volcano, is printed here, for it is as nearly as may be, like the similar flow from La Souffriere on the Island of St. Vincent. The molten lava has cooled somewhat but flows irresistibly on like melted taffy. Steam is rising in clouds from the damp rocks. Mauna Loa's famous eruption was in 1852. Then Dr. Titus Coan in describing what he saw wrote: "A large fissure opening through the crater gave vent to the molten lava which constantly poured out and rolled down the mountain in a deep, broad river, at the rate, probably, of ten miles an hour. This fiery stream one could trace all the way down the mountain until it was hidden from the eye by its windings in a forest, a distance of some thirty miles It shone with great brilliancy."

KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT— The beautiful capital of the Island of St. Vincent, Kingstown is built about a crescent shaped bay and rises to the many-hued green hills thick-clothed with tropical foliage. Forts guard each end of the city. La Souffriere raises its head 4,000 feet into the air fifteen miles to the north,—so far away that Kingstown has never feared. In the last great eruption, that of 1812, it suffered little. You cannot see the cloud-capped crown of La Souffriere from the city for between rises the Bon Homme range five miles north of the city. This range has become a cause of alarm, for a fortnight after the great eruption it, too, began to smoke, Kingstown's streets were covered with ashes and stones two inches deep the night of the great eruption, May 8th, and these fell incessantly two days longer. Fortunately the water supply did not fail, and by a blessing violent tropical rains a week later washed the dust from street and foliage.

PICTURESQUE KINGSTOWN—The loveliness and charm of the capital of St. Vincent is well shown in the four photographs above. The first shows the ugly iron shed that shelters the open air marketplace where the teeming native population gathered weekly for trade; and picturesque, too, with the bright colors that please the heart of the negroes and half-breeds. Next is a side street in Kingstown, broad and with heavy cool arcades stretching over the walks. A bit of the beautiful botanical garden is shown in the third; while the fourth is the view seaward looking out over the bay from the terrace in front of the Governor's Mansion, where many famous globe trotters have been entertained.

KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT, AND ITS HARBOR—In its peaceful days Kingstown has about five thousand inhabitants. The experience they had with La Souffriere, 15 miles away, is thus told by Miss Louie Newsam, daughter of the colonial surgeon: "At 9:30 on Wednesday morning (May 7th), terrifying flashes of forked lightning could be seen in the hills, and fearful thunder heard, which turned into an unceasing rumble really caused by La Souffriere. About 12 o'clock we noticed a puff of smoke quite distinct from the clouds which by that time were lying low down and ugly looking on the mountains. By degrees the smoke rose in a steady massive column, curling in white rings one inside the other, just like cauliflowers. The column went steadily up into the sky and I can give you no idea of the appalling sight of this dense purple-gray column of smoke curling up and up and the lurid red light at the back of it, accompanied by fearful forked lightning and earth tremors and then, in about half an hour, by the most terrifying roar I have ever heard and an awful smell of sulphur." Hot ashes and pebbles feli for three hours and covered everything two inches deep.

MIDDLE STREET, KINGSTOWN—The hot ashes and pebbles, some being as big as one's fist, from the eruption of La Souffriere, rained down on Kingstown's houses and streets from 3 till 6 P. M., May 7th. One could not see two yards before his eyes. It was like a pouring shower of rain with mist. People went about the streets with umbrellas up, coughing and sneezing, for the ash-filled air was most dirty and uncomfortable. Doors and windows could not keep out the fine volcanic dust. It sifted everywhere. People drank, smelt and breathed ashes. The plants were gray. Then rain came and turned it all to mud. The following night, the forked lightning and thunder were so terrifying that the whole population got up and dressed, fearing the worst.

GEORGETOWN, ST. VINCENT, AFTER VOLCANIC BOMBARDMENT — The eruption of La Souffriere, the volcano at the north end of the English island of St. Vincent, was more severe even than that of Pelee. It was continuous for days. The area devastated is ten times as great. Fortunately there was no teeming city there to meet Pelee's fate. Sugar and arrowroot plantations were destroyed and forty-two hundred people perished, mostly planters and their families and plantation hands. The whole north end of the island for twelve miles above a line drawn from Chateau Belaire to Georgetown was devastated. Plantations sank beneath the sea. Georgetown, nine miles from the volcano, was bombarded with stones for two hours on May 9th and covered deep with ashes. La Souffriere unquestionably has subterranean connection with Pelee for the eruptions were almost simultaneous. La Souffriere was the more violent for days, and its sulphur fumes were always distressing and often deadly.

MAKING COFFINS BENEATH THE HOSPITAL, GEORGETOWN, ST. VINCENT — Even the hospitals were visited by La Souffriere's angry bombardment. This held one hundred and sixty burned and battered refugees and but six recovered. Thirty-six had to lie on the floor. A mile north of Georgetown a stream of lava, glistening like quicksilver, followed the course of Dry River to the sea. In the devastated region all the food and water supply and all the livestock were destroyed. The U. S. S. "Dixie" and the British ships unloaded tons of relief supplies here. Two thousand people received relief. Nearly every negro hut in the Carib country was a charnel house. In some small huts only twenty-two feet square over thirty bodies were taken out. Everywhere burial parties were busy, but the whole country side to windward from Georgetown was reeking with stench, despite the funeral pyres. The last of the Caribs have perished.

ON THE WATER'S EDGE, KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT — This photograph shows the street that runs along the shore just back of the water's edge, in the blazing sunshine. The arcade alone looks cool. To this city flocked 31,000 refugees after the first eruption of La Souffriere. Utterly destitute, ill and injured, for months they will have to be fed and sheltered. The call for relief supplies sent out by Governor Llewellyn was simple: "Crackers, salt fish, flour, cornmeal and food stuffs generally are wanted" he cabled. There was more need for medical supplies and doctors here than in Martinique. Here everybody was bruised and burned; there everybody was dead. Doctors were summoned from the neighboring British islands, while the ladies made clothing for the destitute and helped nurse the injured.

COALING THE U. S. S. "DIXIE" AT ST. LUCIA; AND A "DIXIE" HOSPITAL TENT—The U. S. S. "Dixie" took in coal at St. Lucia after the manner that prevails in the West Indies—by women. Each carries a basketful containing about two hundred pounds on her head, and coaling ship is very rapidly accomplished.

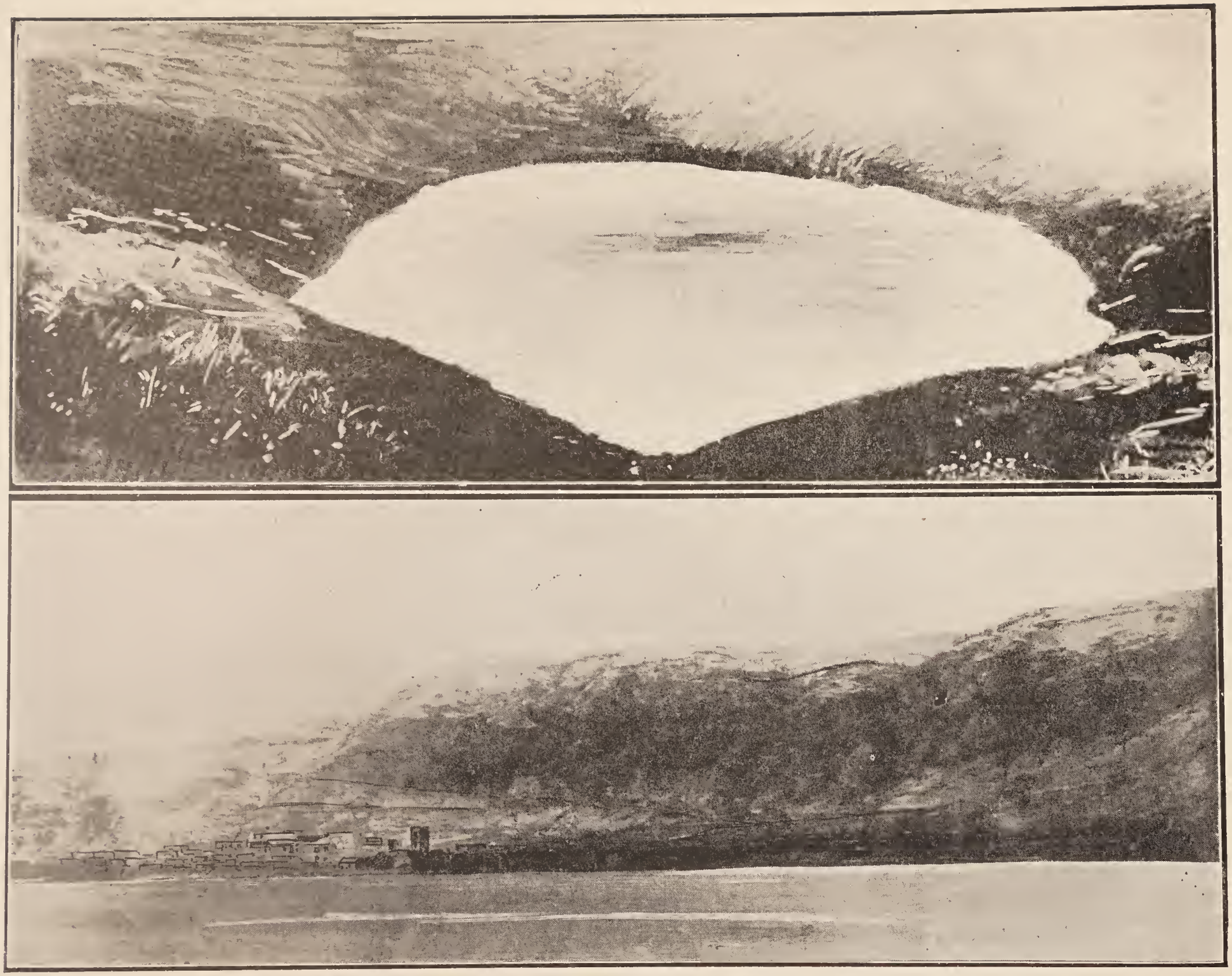
The lower photograph shows one of the "Dixie's" hospital tents set up in Kingstown, sheltering victims,—Caribs, coolies and negroes, who had been brought in from the north end of the island. One, a little boy, was entirely wrapped in cotton and bandages, being burned all over his body, but he will recover. The "Dixie" has two large tents which, with hospital stores, were placed at the disposal of Gov. Llewellyn. At the tent-flap stands one of the English army hospital stewards sent on from Barbados, who have done excellent work.

MILLIONS OF TONS OF GRAY ASHES— *The London Telegraph's* correspondent writes of the falling ashes at Barbados, 100 miles east from the La Souffriere in St. Vincent: "At five o'clock, night drove out the bright afternoon, and a rain of gray dust persistently descended in the palpable darkness. A strange sulphurous smell pervaded the atmosphere. The sound of the falling dust on the foliage was distinctly audible. Now, in the morning of May 8th, it is still falling and the landscape is covered two inches deep with blue-gray flour-like ashes. The bright green tropical foliage has disappeared. The dust permeates everything. The house is full notwithstanding closely-fastened windows. It is calculated that two and a half million tons have fallen in twelve hours. This is our share at 100 miles distance."

RICHMOND VILLAGE SMOTHERED IN THIRTY FEET OF BOILING MUD—A stream of boiling mud from La Souffriere on the day of the first eruption, May 5th, completely buried the village of Richmond which contained one hundred and twenty houses. Now, as the upper photograph shows, it is simply a forty foot mud bank fissured by the rains. Not even the top of a tree protrudes. Luckily, nearly all the people got away in time. The few who laughed at the warnings and remained perished miserably either here or while trying to escape in small boats by sea. The villages of Rabacca and Lot Fourteen were wiped out. Orange Hill, Tourama, Mount Bentinck, Lang and Bypark were partly destroyed. Georgetown on the windward side, and Chateau Belaire on the seaward side (shown in the lower photograph) just south of the devastated zone cared for hundreds of refugees.

RUINED FARM HOUSE AND GRAVES SEVEN MILES FROM LA SOUFFRIERE — La Souffriere began its warnings of the wrath to come on April 1st. By May 5th it was most threatening, belching huge masses of black smoke. On the 7th came the first eruption which was seen from St. Lucia and even covered Barbados deep with ashes. When on the following night the steamship "Wear" attempted to reach Kingstown she ran into a floating bank of ashes; for three hours the ship was practically helpless in a cloud of smoke, ashes and sulphurous gas denser than that from Pelee. The "Wear" took doctors and clergymen to Chateau Belaire. Eight villages were destroyed. Down the sides of Mt. Souffriere were flowing hundreds of streams of molten lava which, uniting and separating, formed a network from which there was no possible escape for any living creature caught within its grasp. As the lava reached the sea a great cloud of steam arose and the hissing could be heard for miles.

ROSSEAU AND THE ISLAND OF DOMINICA FROM THE SEA—Dominica lies north of Martinique and is nearest to it in the chain of the Windward Islands. Caribs, Spaniards, French and English have fought for it, and now it belongs to the English crown. Hither many Martiniquans fled, and here the relief ships stopped on their way to Fort de France. A fascinating, beautiful, treacherous island it is. "The molten lava sea," says one who recently visited it, "under this island seethes beneath so thin a covering that, warmed by its fires, a vegetation has sprung up with an incomparable luxuriance that makes it the most wonderful in the world. So thin, indeed, is this covering that everywhere streams of boiling sulphurous water break through, milky white, poisoning the orchid-scented air with deadly vapors, while high up on the mountain lies the Boiling Lake, one of Nature's marvels. It is three hundred feet above the sea and apparently the ancient crater of a long forgotten volcano. Its sudden disappearance when Pelee thundered threw all Dominica into wild terror."



LAKE QUIESCENT AND ST. PIERRE FROM THE SEA AS A SHIP CAPTAIN SAW IT—Capt. Murgi of the Italian ship "Alexandre del Buono," on arriving in New York told his experiences thus: "I passed within a couple of miles of St. Pierre about noon of the 11th. I could see the city plainly from the bridge of my ship. It presented a terrible scene of desolation. Every building in the town was destroyed. All that was standing was the ruins of some stone walls. Puffs of vapory smoke were going up from the crater. A dense black cloud of smoke hung like a heavy pall over the mountain and enveloped the entire island. I saw a number of bodies floating in the water off St. Pierre, but could detect no sign of life on the island or any boats with survivors at sea, except one little steamship which I passed near St. Pierre, whose decks were crowded with people. I suppose this boat had been rescuing survivors. When I left Martinique, hull down, I could make out flames coming from the top of the mountain, but there was no eruption."

The photograph above was taken from the summit of La Souffriere, St. Vincent, looking 1,000 feet down upon Lake Quiescent in the crater. Steam rising from the boiling water obscured the view.

HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.
JAN 89
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962